

**The Archbishop Calling**

It is worth while to do anything to enable the world to gain time to recover its nerve and sanity

Number 1009

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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**The Barbarism  
of the  
20th Century**

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## THE ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE OF 29 MEN

### Tunnelling Inch By Inch to Freedom

#### MOST REMARKABLE ESCAPE IN THE WAR

THERE is to be a reunion dinner on July 23, in London, of the survivors of one of the most daring escapes ever made by prisoners. It is a thrilling story of the Great War.

This famous prison for British officers at Holzminden in Hanover had been chosen by the Germans because they believed it to be escape-proof, and, to make it doubly secure they had appointed a Commandant famous for his sternness and ingenuity, and had installed searchlights and dogs, surrounded the grounds with unclimbable barbed wire, and posted sentries day and night inside and outside the building. Officers who had broken out of any other prison were sent to Holzminden.

There were, of course, attempts at escape, but the offender was quickly seized and placed in the cells.

The day came when twenty of the boldest of the captives here got together and decided to burrow their way out; but the problem was where to begin and how to hoodwink the ever-watchful sentries.

#### The Secret Cellar

There were two separate quarters for prisoners at Holzminden, one for the officers, the other for 20 orderlies who waited on the officers and kept the building clean. The orderly quarters were nearest to the barbed wire barrier, and they were separated from the officers by barricades which could not be interfered with undetected. Under the quarters used by the orderlies was a cellar which was not used, the staircase leading down to it being blocked by a heavy partition.

Learning of the existence of this cellar the officers decided that a tunnel should be started there. The orderlies and the officers had separate entrances to their quarters, and it was against the rules for an officer to enter the quarters of the orderlies. The sentries in the courtyard would stop such an attempt at once. So the orderlies were taken into the secret and they lent the officers some of their much-patched uniforms. Thus disguised, the schemers passed from doorway to doorway to examine the partition, and realised that nothing could be done with it without tools.

To procure these they broke down another door, and when the carpenter arrived to repair it some of the officers picked a quarrel with the guard beside him while others quietly took away a saw and other things from his tool bag. There was a scene when

the tools were missed, but the guard dared not report their loss, owing to fear of punishment.

With these tools a secret door was made in the partition, and work was begun in the cellar. The brick floor was partly removed, and a hole made through the foundations into the clay below, which one man at a time proceeded to cut away with a carving knife. Almost every day for months this tedious task went on—the change into the disguise, the perilous walk through the guarded courtyard, and the cutting of the tunnel inch by inch in utter darkness.

#### Burrowing Under Difficulties

The tunnel they made was only a foot high, and in it a man had to be at full length, risking burial alive from a collapse of the roof. The soil was removed in a dish, which the men had pierced with two holes through which ran a continuous line of string for hauling it to and from the cellar.

As the tunnel increased in length the danger increased, for it became difficult to breathe. Now they began collecting biscuit tins, knocking the bottom out of each tin and so making a ventilation pipe along the tunnel, air being forced along from the cellar by a bellows fashioned from an airman's jacket. Even then no man could work in the tunnel for more than half an hour. Another great difficulty was to keep an accurate direction for the tunnel, and many weeks were wasted through a false turn. As time went on, also, it became necessary for two men to lie in the tunnel, the second man lying halfway to ensure that the dish did not upset with the soil.

#### The Signal

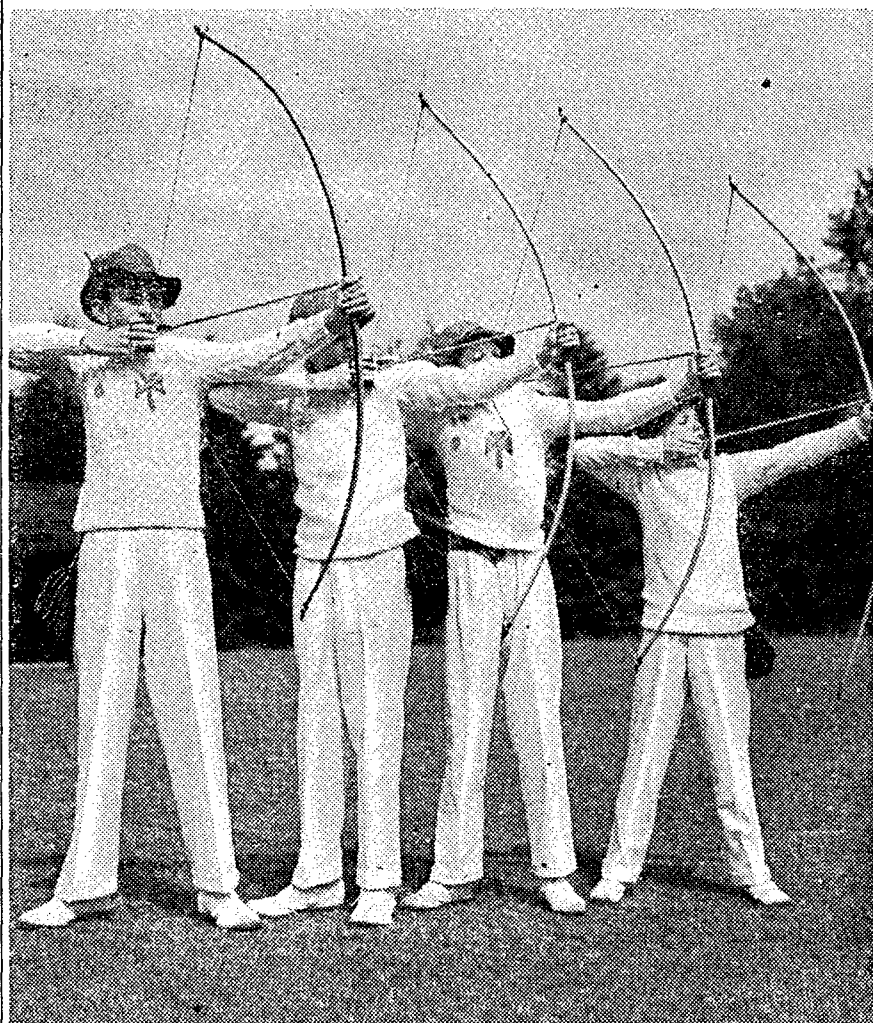
At last the tunnel reached 150 feet beyond the cellar and was well beyond the barbed wire fence. Where would they come out? In order to find this out, a group of officers climbed to a window in the roof of their prison, overlooking the field beyond, and watched for the appearance of a piece of paper in a cleft stick which the tunneller managed to push up through the earth for a moment, then quickly pulling it down lest it should be seen.

It emerged in front of a row of beans, so it was decided to dig a little farther, so that the exit could be made beyond the beans, which would screen it from the prison.

Meanwhile steps had been taken for the 100-mile journey to the

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### Schoolboy Archers



Boys of Belmont School, Hassocks, winners of an archery championship

## A NEW IDEA IN WORLD POLITICS

### Keeping a War Within Bounds

THE Civil War in Spain is now in its third year, and the surprising thing about it is that it has not involved other nations.

In the past such strife, arising from a clash of ideas held intensely all over Europe, would undoubtedly have led to a great war, and it is mainly due to the action of our own country that it has not done so.

Patience and persistence have at last succeeded in securing agreement to a course of action which should remove all danger of the countries of Europe becoming involved.

After debating for a year, the Non-Intervention Committee has agreed to the British plan for withdrawing the foreign mercenaries who have been assisting each side in Spain. The plan includes a watch on the frontiers and stopping the supply of arms.

It is a great advance in world politics to arrive at this agreement, and it must not be forgotten that such a step has

never been taken before in history. The fact that 26 nations are represented on the Non-Intervention Committee proves that world opinion can be organised in the interest of peace, even in these desperate days, especially when they are subscribing a great sum of money to bring the scheme to a successful issue.

It is hoped that when the foreign forces are withdrawn from each side, and belligerent rights have been granted to them, it will not be long before the Spaniards realise the folly of their strife, for both sides declare themselves to be Spaniards first, and in the past they have always resented foreign interference. It is not likely that in the end they would countenance the domination of any other power in any part of their country.

The matter now rests with Spain, and it is for her to decide (by welcoming or rebuffing the Commissions who are to count the mercenaries and work the plan) whether she can hope to count in future as an independent nation.



## IF THEY HAD TIME

Lord Kennet has been saying a wise and interesting thing at London University College; it is worth while passing it on.

If they had time Mussolini could civilise Africa (he said) and Lord Nuffield pay off the National Debt. His generation found the world safer than it had been since the climax in the Roman Empire. They left it in the condition it was today. Most of their misfortunes were due to their not tidying up the messes in time. That was all the greatest of mankind could do in a lifetime.

It was very little good trying to prevent things from going wrong. That could only be done by putting people in mental strait-waistcoats. In 30 years of public life he had become extremely distrustful of bold revolutionaries, powerful rulers, and dynamic personalities. If he selected a national emblem it would not be a sword, lion, hammer, or sickle, but a dustpan and brush.

## The Strange Fear Possessing the World

By the Archbishop of Canterbury

It is strange that such things should be happening in civilised countries in this twentieth century.

It sometimes looks as if the world were, for the present, under the dominion of evil spirits. One of the chief of these evil spirits is the spirit of fear. I know of no words that can describe better the world situation at the present time than the familiar words, "Men's hearts failing them for fear, for the things that are coming on earth."

There is the fear of the plans and policies of irresponsible Governments in certain countries. There is the fear of those Governments themselves for their own security, the danger of their being tempted to embark upon adventures to secure their hold upon other peoples. There is no greater need at the present time than to abate this spirit of fear.

## The Riders on the Wind

Throughout last week the sailplane men were holding their National Gliding Contests at Dunstable Downs, and the many excellent flights accomplished once more drew attention to this sport.

It was a revelation to many people that a plane without an engine could keep two men aloft for nearly a day, but that is what happened. Flight-Lieutenant W. B. Murray and Mr J. S. Sproule rode on the wind above the Downs for 22 hours 13 minutes, a world record for two-seater sailplanes.

## Keshub Chunder Sen

The centenary has been celebrated in London of Keshub Chunder Sen.

He has been described by one of his own countrymen as a modern symbol of something which has characterised India down the centuries, and at the London meeting Lord Samuel described him as one of the religious innovators of the modern world, a man of lofty spiritual temperament, but not one willing to renounce the world.

## A Diamond Jubilee

At the age of 93 Colonel Crompton has seen the diamond jubilee of his firm, which introduced electric lighting to this country.

When Mr Gladstone made his famous Free Trade speech in Leeds Town Hall in 1882 it was Colonel Crompton's firm which lit the hall, and three years later the Crompton tram ran on Southend pier, the first electric rail vehicle.

## Flight Extraordinary

The latest records of flying are truly astonishing—Paris to London in 51 minutes, and (of the great world flight of Mr Howard Hughes) in New York on a Sunday, teain Paris on the Monday, lunch in Moscow on the Tuesday, and so on.

## A Miracle is Taking Place in Sight of the Conqueror's House



What Tower Hill is going to be—a model of the plan drawn up by Colonel Bressey and Sir Edwin Lutyens

WE have all dreamed of the beauty we might give to London if we cared enough to do it, and happily there are some who do care enough and are doing it.

Something little short of a miracle is taking place on Tower Hill, in sight of the Conqueror's London House.

We remember walking in that squalid place some years ago with the energetic founder of Toc H ("Tubby" Clayton), and listening with rapture while he pointed out the ugliest patches, the stodgy buildings, and explained what he would like to do. We remember that one of the buildings was like a mountain, the sort of mountain that only faith brings down; but since those days faith has done its work, the ugly patches and mountain are disappearing.

More than anything else it is the magic spirit of Lord Wakefield and the unconquerable enthusiasm of Mr Clayton that are transforming Tower Hill from a miserable place into a sort of paradise, with a Children's Playground, the Children's Beach, bands playing, penny boat rides, lovely gardens, restful places, the best view of the Roman wall, the birthplace of William Penn—all this and more is coming from faith harnessed to a dream.

About £100,000 is being spent or has been spent, more than £80,000 of this given by Lord Wakefield; and last week the most beloved woman in all England, Queen Mary, sailed in a barge down the

Thames (seen from the Editor's window) and landed at the Tower to join the great garden-party held by the friends of Tower Hill Improvement.

Queens young and fair have made the journey from Westminster to the Tower, but none can have contemplated it with brighter expectation than Queen Mary. Some of those queenly journeys of old days were made under skies from which all brightness had gone; Queen Mary's visit was made in the sure expectation that it would contribute brightness to the lives of the people of East London and new beauty to the surroundings of the Tower at London's Eastern Gate.

The garden-party to welcome her was a thing never known before within the Tower's grim walls; but it was a fore-runner of many unofficial garden-parties to be held in days to come by old people and young children who will rest old bones and disport young limbs about the lawns and flower beds that will spring up on stony Tower Hill. Queen Mary's garden-party was to bring the day nearer, and it did.

A noble and a stately open space it will be when all is done; and when the storied dark old Tower of London will stand sentinel by the Thames over gardens and flowers and happy children. It will be a sight for any queen to see, and none will look on it more fondly than Lord Wakefield, the fairy god-father of this transformation of London's Eastern Gate.

## INCH BY INCH TO FREEDOM

Continued from page 1

frontier after escaping from Holzminden. Maps were essential, and they had none; but one of these clever officers had a happy brainwave. He wrote to a brother in London saying that he would like to have a picture of his motor-car to look at, so would he go to Stanfords in Long Acre and get one for him?

The brother found that the address was that of a map-maker in this street of many motor dealers, but the manager of the firm guessed the purpose of the letter and took it to the War Office, who realised that the prisoner was needing maps of Germany. These, together with compasses, were hidden in the hollowed-out handles of tennis rackets and despatched to the prisoners, who, when they handled the rackets, realised that they were out of balance, and opened the handles to find the reason why.

Equipped with the maps, the tunnellers now drew lots to decide the order of their crawl through the tunnel, and also chose ten friends who might follow them while the darkness lasted. The daring thirty made their way into the cellar and wriggled through the tunnel, emerging on July 23—at least 29 did, for the thirtieth, a burly Australian, stuck in the middle and was eventually hauled back feet-first by a friend. It was by that time much too late for others

to escape. The July nights were brief. With the dawn some peasants on their way to work noticed the fresh tracks on the ryefield. To walk on a cornfield in those days of food scarcity in Germany was a serious crime, and the peasants hurried to the prison to report what they had seen.

The commandant was roused, the roll-call was taken, and 29 did not answer their names. The commandant traced the foot-prints back to the hole near the bean-row, and ordered one of his guards to crawl in and find where it led to, but the man refused. Indeed, it was not until the whole of the tunnel had been opened up that the entrance in the floor of the cellar was discovered.

Meanwhile the alarm had been sounded far and wide and police and cavalry were seeking the fugitives, each of whom had the price of 5000 marks on his head. Unhappily, 19 were recaptured, and were put into the prison cells for eight weeks, but the other ten, travelling by night and spending the long hours of daylight under haystacks or up trees, reached Holland—and freedom.

It is to celebrate this astonishing escape to freedom that a dinner is to be held in London on Saturday. It is known that five of the 29 are no longer living, but it is believed that about 20 may be available for the dinner.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

There has been a great improvement in the financial condition of Newfoundland in the last year.

The drivers of Manchester ambulances have covered two and a half million miles in five years without an accident.

The L N E R is in future to send carriage cleaners with the trains.

In a village in Wales is a family in which six brothers and sisters are receiving old age pensions.

In 1936 the sale of ten tons of used postage stamps brought £1310 to the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road. Last year twelve tons brought £1701. And 1938?

A £10,000 scholarship at Birmingham University has been given by the General Electric Company to celebrate its Jubilee.

A booklet giving postal rates and services in Esperanto has been issued by the G P O for the use of the 2000 delegates to the 30th World Esperanto Congress.

A giraffe born in Clifton Zoo and bought for the Scottish National Zoo was transported by sea in a box ten feet high.

The Icelandic Jamboree, celebrating the Silver Jubilee of Scouting in Iceland, took place at Thingvellir near Reykjavik from July 5 to 14.

France is planning to make Versailles the centre of the musical and artistic world; this summer there will be a National Season of Music and Art.

The oldest car on the road in England was seen at a motor rally at Ramsgate the other day; it is 42 years old, and is a one-cylinder Arnold with solid tyres.

## THINGS SEEN

A man in a diver's suit in the streets of London.

A cat sitting on a stool in a milk bar.

Gipsies selling carpets from a motor-car.

Children picking up plums rolling from a lorry all over a London street.

Delphiniums eight feet high in a garden in Essex.

Two tanks of fish swimming in a plane arriving at Croydon.

## THINGS SAID

Of all claims the authority of international law stands first.

A group of bishops

There is nothing inevitable until it happens.

Archbishop of Canterbury

I didn't think the country was like this.

A slum child in Ashstead Woods

Local government in England and Wales is in jeopardy.

Germany will soon have an army ten times ours.

Mr R. H. Brand

Advertising has brought changes more far-reaching than any revolution in history.

President of the Advertising Association

Peace is a commodity just as easy to advertise as anything else.

Sir Harry Brittain

Great Britain could not fight a war if the people of London could not sleep.

Manchester Guardian

In every 100 letters 37 are wrongly addressed, but only one defeats the sorters.

Assistant-Director of the Post Office

Ten thousand letters sent out for the Cecil Rhodes Memorial brought in £10,000.

High Commissioner of Southern Rhodesia

The maintenance of international law must take precedence of any national interests.

Archbishop of York



## FALSE ALARM

### The New Battle of Waterloo

We are not sure that there is ever anything very comical inside our theatres, but there is certainly comedy outside. An example of this happened at Morecambe not long ago.

Having built a new fire-station at a cost of £15,000, Morecambe has added a new fire-engine at a cost of £4000. There was quite a stir at the opening of the station and the christening of the new engine, but no one present thought that within a few hours the new electrically-operated doors of the station would be thrown open to allow the fire-engine to rush out in answer to a fire alarm.

A startling incident it was. Bells clanged. Sirens screamed. The quiet evening was shattered by a sudden uproar as the fire-engine thundered along the promenade, the crowd scattering to right and left, everyone shouting Fire!

The cause of the excitement was the Battle of Waterloo. The fact that Waterloo was fought and won in 1815 makes no difference to this story of 1938. It seems that what happened was this: The Queen's Bays were performing in the harbour bandstand, and came at last to a descriptive number entitled The Battle of Waterloo. In order to make it more realistic they employed a maroon and some red flares for effects. A passer-by saw the glare, concluded the bandstand was on fire, and summoned the fire brigade.

## A Bride of the Midnight Sun

A SCOTTISH girl is on her way to marry the Scot of her choice at Arctic Bay, 1000 miles from the Pole.

Such things are commonplace in this brave new world, where we all can be explorers and go on pleasure cruises to the ice fields of Spitsbergen or pick up a motor-coach across the Sahara; but there was something new about this brave adventure of a Scottish lass.

The proposal of marriage came to her by wireless, and the same aerial messenger carried her reply. The last stage of her journey will be made on the Hudson's Bay steamer Nascopie, which now makes a summer trip every year to call on the Arctic posts of the company. Among them are Churchill, to which the rail goes, and others visited, except by trappers, hardly more than once a year.

The Nascopie goes to other stations on the eastern Arctic archipelago which

for long years bore the names given them by Arctic explorers who risked their lives to reach them, and sometimes never came back.

The Nascopie's six-week voyage is now almost a pleasure trip, though it has many businesslike purposes. The steamer carries scientists to study the geology and weather of those outlandish places, soon to be outlandish no longer. By it travel the reliefs for the Canadian Mounted Police, and Mr John Buchan (son of Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor General of Canada), who is taking charge of a post in Baffin Land.

But the most interesting passenger, when all is said, is Miss Wallace of Peterhead, Scotland, who is going out to begin a new life with her husband, Mr A. R. Scott, in charge of the post at Arctic Bay, where the Midnight Sun will shed its beams on their marriage.

## SIX DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT

### A Fiji Adventure

The other day in Fiji a boy named Varama and his sister went out for a sail with their father in his cutter.

All went well until the cutter capsized, and father and children and crew were flung into the ocean. As his daughter could not swim very well the father told Varama to stay with her in the dinghy while he and the others swam to shore for help.

As night drew on and no help came, a big wave overturned the boat, sweeping away the oar, and the brother and sister had to cling to her until the morning, when they managed to right her. For six days they drifted without food and with only a very little water, and on the sixth day they saw land for the first time since the accident. Using one of the seats, they tried to paddle to shore, but once more the tiny craft was upset by a wave. This time, however, they managed to reach the reef and swim to the beach, where natives looked after them. They found they had drifted 75 miles from home! A Government ship took them back to their anxious father, who had managed to get ashore, but had given up all hope of ever seeing his children again.

A church hall and social centre is being built by volunteers at Thornhill Park, Southampton.

## Unhappy Holy Land

A BARBED wire fence which will take 20 minutes to cut through is being built round Holy Land.

This is one of the steps which is being taken by Britain as Mandatory Power in its endeavours to control the unrest now disturbing Palestine. The fence, patrolled by day and swept by searchlights at night, will, it is hoped, put an end to the raiding Arabs from French Syria and Transjordan. The recent outbreaks in Palestine are the more

distressing because bands of Jewish youths are perpetrating outrages similar to those of the Arab bands, both groups ignoring the wiser counsels of the leading Jewish and Arab authorities, who desire peace in a land which is on the whole very prosperous.

It is a situation about which no Englishman can feel very happy, for his country is responsible for law and order in Palestine, and after all these years no success has been achieved.



**FROM DISTRESSED AREAS TO THE ALPS** Twenty-five boys and girls from distressed areas in England and Wales have been spending a month in Switzerland as guests of the Mayor of Adelboden, Herr Hans Kunzi. Four of them from the North of England are seen in a field of Alpine flowers



## JAPAN MUST PAY THE PRICE

### Nothing Fails Like Success

Japan has just kept the first birthday of the cruel war she began on China without declaring it.

It had been intended as a day of triumph and rejoicing, but the celebrations brought to mind a phrase attributed to Marshal Hindenburg towards the end of the Great War: "Situation brilliant, but no prospects."

Everything during the twelve months has gone according to plan for the Japanese armies. Equipped with tanks and the latest artillery, and supported by bombing aeroplanes to destroy helpless towns as well as military defences, they have driven the ill-armed Chinese from pillar to post. Nothing has stopped them except the Yellow River and the flooded Yangste-kiang.

Still, with all this, China and the Chinese are still there. The Japanese battering ram has hammered them closer. China is now a nation as never before.

So, while the Emperor of Japan's message to the Japanese people, who are groaning under the cost of the war, speaks with hopeful hypocrisy of the "attainment of the prosperity of China and Japan through closer cooperation," the two peoples stand poles apart. The prospect that the Chinaman can be beaten into friendship is a dream.

### Counting the Cost

It is an expensive dream. The war has already cost the Japanese people £430,000,000, and (even on the niggardly official estimate) 36,000 lives. There are more payments to come. The cost of making peace and keeping it will far exceed the cost of making the still unfinished war.

None can prophesy how much war still remains to be made. Hankow may fall. General Chiang Kai-Shek may be forced to find another base; but, however many hundreds of miles of front and thousands of square miles of Chinese territory the Japanese may occupy, one unconquered unit will remain—the Chinese Peasant.

The Chinese peasant has become the Chinese soldier. He may be, as Kipling once said of our Mr Thomas Atkins, an "absent-minded beggar," but he is patient, enduring, and there are millions of him. Beat him down, and millions more will rise to replace him. He is the fruit of the good earth, and can live on it. He asks nothing better, but woe betide the conqueror who seeks to deprive him of his birthright.

It is no wonder that the celebrations in Tokyo partook of the nature of a day of fasting rather than of mafficking. Japan is already feeling the strain, and the Japanese people are having to tighten their belts and throw their coppers into the military hat.

They are not as yet complaining, and not yet asking the price of victory; but anyone can tell them. Victory is priceless, because it is worthless. None can ever make a profit out of war.

## Strengthening a Viaduct

A viaduct in the Peak District which carries the LMS over the River Wye and several roads in Monsal Dale is to be strengthened. It is the viaduct which is pictured in a well-known poster by Mr Norman Wilkinson.

Strangely enough, the viaduct will be lighter as a result, for the stonework which is to be removed weighs 1450 tons and the reinforced concrete which will take its place will weigh 1230.

The viaduct was built of limestone in 1862, in 1907 the more durable gritstone was used to replace much of the limestone, and now a concrete raft is to be placed on the top of the great arches and concrete is to be poured into the cavities between its walls.

## THE BARBARISM OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

### Child Victims of the Great Persecution

### LET US DO WHAT WE CAN

IT has been reported from Vienna that there were in a few days not long ago eight hundred people who tried to take their own lives, so miserable were they. They were persecuted Jews.

By the end of the year 1938, thought Dr Nansen, the world would have solved its refugee problem and the international refugee bureau formed under his leadership could close its doors.

### Christians as Sufferers

But where are we today? An International Conference has been sitting at Evian, and it appears that we are in a worse situation with regard to refugees and their problems than ever Dr Nansen could dream. For five years refugees who found life intolerable in Germany have been sheltered in Austria, and now Austria has become a part of Germany and the refugees must look elsewhere for shelter.

Some of the greatest sufferers in this unhappy state of affairs are not Jews but Christians—Christians with perhaps one Jewish grandparent. For these people the hope of emigration to Palestine is no solution. They are not Jews in any eyes except Germany's. Nobody knows how many of these people there are in Germany; some estimate them to number two millions.

### Debarred From the Woods

We give little thought to the plight of these people, Sir Wyndham Deedes was saying the other day, because they are not being drowned in a flood, starved in a famine, or bombed from the air. Our hearts and minds, he thinks, have grown callous to all but the most spectacular woes. Nevertheless, these people are having all life and hope crushed out of them by a brutal machine, slow, silent, and relentless. To be officially debarred from joining all sports organisations, from entering all swimming baths and bathing places, from using Youth Hostels, are forms of cruelty that young people feel as acutely as the physical violence which they must also suffer. Efforts are even made in Vienna to keep Jews (and a boy with one Jewish grandmother is included if the authorities know about her) from walking in the woods on Sunday. Being turned back from the end of the tram-line after you have packed your lunch and mapped your route for a day's outing can be as bitter an experience as being deprived of the right of a secondary school education.

### A Plan For the Children

The problem is so appalling that at first it staggers us, but, like other social problems, it becomes manageable if we break it up in small pieces. This is what the Save-the-Children Fund has done in forming the Inter-Aid Committee for Children from Germany. It has found the little piece of the refugee problem with which it can deal and for which it asks our help.

The plan, which has already been in successful operation for two years, is a simple one—to find places in English boarding schools or in English homes and day schools for as many child victims as funds will permit, and thus allow them to grow up away from the warping atmosphere of fear and hatred.

These young people come to England usually at about 13, and the plan is that they should have three years of school life, followed by training for some occupation; children trained in this way should, it is thought, be of tremendous value in populating the waste spaces of the Empire.

Besides giving time and money to this work there is something else we can all give, sympathy and understanding. "If Hitler wants to get rid of his scum, why should we take them in?" is a question often heard just now. Why, indeed?

But these people were ordinary decent citizens until one day a man-made edict turned them into outcasts. Some of them are people of outstanding talents whose brain-power will enrich any country in which they settle.

### The Huguenots of Today

We also hear that "With all the unemployed in England it is not right to let any more in." Yet farmers could use 1000 trained lads on the land next year, lads they cannot get. We do not need to go back to the time of the Huguenots for examples of skilled refugees who bring wealth and new work to a land. Refugees were given permission to open an Art Needlework Industry in London two years ago if they would guarantee to employ 20 people at the end of a year, and they kept their promise, and more. By the end of two years they were giving direct employment not to 20, but to as many as 220.

Three hundred thousand people are longing to leave Austria. About 25,000 have already left, 16,000 going to America. These are the lucky ones, with relatives abroad who are willing to accept responsibility for their support. What happens to those who are not so lucky has been described by Mrs Ormerod, who has recently been in Vienna. "I sat in an undertaker's office (she said) and every three minutes the telephone rang to tell of another sudden death. These were scientists and men of distinction, unable to go on."

### Our Great Reputation

It is with the children of these men that the Inter-Aid Committee has to deal. Many people who realise there is no way out for themselves nevertheless find life tolerable if they see a way out for their children, and the C.N. hopes that our country will do something for the younger victims at least. We owe something to our suffering neighbours in Europe. Ours is almost the only country in Europe that has come unscathed through the political storms that have raged in the past 15 years, and we have a great reputation for hospitality and generosity to the oppressed. Delegates from the British Empire took a prominent part in the International Conference at Evian, which met at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, and it is to be hoped that as a result even more may be done for these unhappy people without a country.

## Jonas Hanway

An umbrella belonging to Jonas Hanway, the first man to use one in London, came into the news for a brief moment the other day when it was sold in the auction rooms.

There is a relief in the Abbey to the famous Jonas, of whom we read that he was a friend and father of the poor, merchant and citizen of the world. The relief shows Britannia protecting the helpless, but the epitaph forgets to tell us about the umbrella. In Red Lion Square he lived and died, enraging the Hackney coachmen by bringing the umbrella to England and so reducing their business, but amusing the Red Lion Square folk by carrying it round the Square whenever it rained.

## THE ADVENTURE OF SEVEN RANGERS

### By Cargo Boat and Caravan

Seven Australian Rangers from New South Wales have just arrived home after a wonderful trip round the world.

With their Commissioner they sailed out of Sydney Harbour in a little cargo boat, arriving in London last August. Two weeks were spent seeing London and another two weeks at Foxlease, and the party then went to Bruges and on to Paris and Geneva. When they arrived back in England they started on a wonderful caravan trip through England up to the north of Scotland, and down again through the West of England and Wales. Everywhere they went they were entertained by Guides, and although it was bitterly cold, and sometimes snowing, that only made it more exciting, for none of them had seen snow before! Every night they slept in the tent and the caravan (the Chief Guide having lent them a tent and camp equipment), and when their time was up they found they had covered 5000 miles!

What thrilled them more than anything was that they were received by the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret Rose at Sandringham one morning as the royal family were on their way to church.

Now they are back in Australia again, after visiting Jamaica and seeing the Panama Canal and New Zealand on their way home. It had taken the Rangers two years to save up for their great adventure, but the memory of it is a possession for all their lives.

## Six-Inch Nails For a Pigeon's House

Workmen putting up scaffolding in front of the Birmingham Art Gallery were greatly mystified not long ago by the strange disappearance of their six-inch nails.

Every time the men came back from lunch they would find that some of the nails had vanished, and could not imagine why anyone should bother to steal such things.

One of the men decided to keep watch, and the thief, who came when no one was about, turned out to be a pigeon! The watcher saw the bird pick up one of the nails and fly with it to the top of a column in the front of the Art Gallery, where Mrs Pigeon was waiting to build her nest with the furniture her husband so laboriously brought her. The pigeon's task was not easy, for the intrigued watcher estimated that nearly two pounds of nails had rolled off the column and had to be picked up again by the patient nest-builder.

Now Mrs Pigeon is sitting on two eggs in her bed of nails, and we hope she is comfortable.

## The Three Elephants

The Ark has put to sea once more, for a voyage to the Isle of Man.

The Packet steamer Peel Castle was transformed for a midnight voyage, and took aboard all the animals of a circus due to delight holiday-makers at Port Soderick. Most of them went below in special boxes; but the lions travelled, as befitting their royal rank, above deck in their own cages.

All went well till Margaret, Mary, and Daisy were invited to embark, and they resolutely refused the gangway. As they are a trio of elephants persuasion was rather difficult, and all hands assembled to pull or push in vain—until somebody thought of removing the offending gangway and putting a few planks down, when the three elephants delicately tripped aboard, and the voyage started in the traditional manner.



## SAFETY-FIRST SCHOOL

A school in Kent which has been teaching its pupils road sense for 18 months has not had a street accident among its 400 children since it began.

The record belongs to Swanscombe Central School, where boys and girls find it is quite an adventure to walk about between classrooms, for all the corridors are lined and marked Keep Left, and for any "traffic" offences the punishment is so many "lines." At Cross Roads there is a circus, and the children become so used to paying special attention to all these traffic regulations in school that outside they are automatically careful.

## BIRD NEWS

A bird's nest partly made of grease-proof paper.

A chaffinch's nest in the Museum at Canterbury made almost entirely of confetti.

A lark at Yeadon in Yorkshire with her nest near a hangar which was to be pulled down, the airmen putting a wooden fence round, and feeding the family daily.

## STRANGE HOUSES

Coal ash and lime for house-building seem strange materials, but in Vereeniging since 1927 several buildings have been erected without cement or sand, only lime and coal ash being used.

The walls of these buildings have become so hard that it is impossible to drive nails into them, and the builder believes they will outlast any brick-built house of a like age. Also the walls do not crack.

## THE MUSIC OF THE GUARDS

If Walt Disney were to come to London and go and see the Changing of the Guard he would have the surprise of his life, for he would hear tunes from Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs played by the Guards Bands! The other day they played Whistle While You Work and Heigho to the huge delight of the watching crowd.

## THE THATCHER'S NEEDLE

It is usually new industries that inspire inventions in tools, so it came as a surprise to see a needle for use in one of the oldest village industries, thatching, should have won a silver medal at the Agricultural Show at Cardiff. Both cheap and ingenious, it is claimed that anyone can thatch a rick with it, while an experienced thatcher can do his work much quicker.

## BLIND BUT UNIVERSAL

From eighty to a hundred blind Esperantists from eight foreign countries are soon to meet in University College, London, to consider how many of the difficulties due to want of sight may be best overcome.

They are delegates to the Universal Esperanto Congress, the blind and their friends forming a special section at which teachers and experts will read helpful papers, examine the best and newest apparatus, and inspect the useful and beautiful articles made for sale at workshops for the blind. Blind musicians will give musical evenings, and blind stenographers will show how deftly they can take down and type letters dictated to them.

Since 1920 fourteen such conferences of blind Esperantists have been held in various countries, and they have been most interesting and enjoyable.

## SAVED BY SUNSHINE

For ever two people must be thankful for a ray of sunshine.

When Clifford Sunderland, a child of three, fell into the River Kennett near Reading, his father rushed to the rescue, but could not see his son. Suddenly a burst of sunshine glinted on a wealth of golden hair under the water, and the father was then able to dive in and bring the child safely to the bank.

# The Gardens Round Rheims Cathedral

THE dedication of Rheims Cathedral after 20 years of restoration, its war scars and wounds healed as far as possible, has been performed in a scene more closely connected with England than many would be aware of.

The war bombardment scattered much of the treasure of this noblest of France's Gothic churches, but not all was lost. Tapestries, plate, and much stained glass were removed, and many carvings were built over. But much was shattered into fragments.

Many of those fragments, glass, stone, and so on, found their way to England in the possession of British soldiers home on furlough. After the war an appeal

was issued asking for the return of all such cherished atoms of the ancient building, and a generous response to the appeal restored much that would otherwise have been lost for ever.

But there remained the lovely old gardens of Rheims, seemingly beyond repair. Here King George the Fifth set a delightful example, for from the royal gardens of England he sent seeds and cuttings of plants and shrubs, which are flourishing in the new gardens of Old Rheims today.

People over widely scattered areas in England followed the King's example, and now there is a real bit of floral England in this battle-scarred city.

## THE GOOD TURN

Every day we hear of Scouts helping somebody, and the other day we heard how the Tyne Sea Scouts came to the rescue of yachtsmen in Alnmouth Bay.

The yacht Sonoma was racing from Holy Island to Blyth when a fierce gale came up, doing so much damage to sails and rigging that the yachtsmen were forced to hoist distress signals.

These were seen by the Sea Scout Troop, who rushed to the rescue in their cutter the Bonaventure and towed the damaged craft to safety.

## WHO SPEAKS CORNISH?

A Cornish-English dictionary is soon to be published.

Visitors to Paul Churchyard, near Mousehole, the fishermen's town as typically Cornish as Cornish granite or Cornish pasty, will have seen the memorial to Dorothy Pentreath, who lived at Mousehole and died there in 1777, and is often said to have been the last to speak Cornish. That is not exactly true, for there are some in Cornwall who have some fragments of Cornish still when they speak among themselves. In Mousehole also lived John Keigwin, the last scholar of the Cornish language, who left for other generations a Cornish grammar.

There are a few miracle plays, proverbs, fables, and sacred poems still existing in this ancient tongue.

## THE OLD LADY OF WYNBERG

An old lady of Wynberg in South Africa who died not long ago surprised her neighbours all her life by collecting tins of all sizes from them.

She was a strict recluse, and her mania for tins was looked upon as one of her eccentricities. At her death the relatives, on searching her home, found the tins hidden in all manner of places, and in them were packed notes amounting to the sum of £20,000.

## THE THREE LIONS

Three man-eating lions have so terrorised the mining area of Murongo, Nairobi, that native labour deserted in great numbers. These lions had a system; the two females prowled round the hut while the male brought out the victim. Then they all dragged their prey into the jungle.

Many times the game warden followed at once, only to find the spoor deliberately erased. He discovered that the natives believed the lions to be bewitched, and that if they killed them misfortune would follow. More than one party of native hunters had had them at spear point, but only beat off the lions. Witch doctors made a good thing out of such a terror by selling charms against attack. But we hear that the game warden patiently stalked the assassins, and killed them at last.

## FOR THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

The little church of Peters Marland near Torrington in Devon has now a proud possession in its Children's Corner, a rug made by five schoolgirls.

These girls, aged 12 and 13, designed the rug themselves, working it in cross-stitch in appropriate colours. They did it in their spare time and it took them seven months. Rabbits, a parrot, butterflies, and trees surround the words

*All Things Bright and Beautiful,  
The Lord God Made Them All.*

It was a beautiful idea, and it is worth going a long way to see this rug, which stands for the great perseverance of five young people at Marland School.

## AT WINDSOR CASTLE

Mr E. J. Seymour, of Langley, Buckinghamshire, has just completed 47 years in service at Windsor Castle. His family have given 165 years' service at the Castle—his father 50 years, his uncle 26 years, and his brother 42 years.

## BRER RABBIT

Two letters show a strange reversal of nature, and both by rabbits. The first tells how an infuriated rabbit chased and routed a stoat which attacked its offspring.

The second is more surprising. The rabbit is a tame one, five years old, and has always lived in the house. It came into contact with a strange fox-terrier and was obviously afraid; but it attacked the dog and sent it off yelping with terror!

## THE BLIND LEADS THE BLIND

A wonderful story comes from Bolton—a tale of achievement.

John Martin, who was born blind, has received his degree of Bachelor of Music at Durham University Convocation.

What is still more wonderful is the news that as a child he was taught by a blind organist, and that since 1933 he has been working for his degree under the direction of Leonard Marsh, a blind Doctor of Music. All this means that John Martin's success is due in part to his own skill and determination, and in part to the help given by others handicapped as he is.

John Martin, who is 37, may boast one other distinction, for he was the first blind man to obtain the teacher's diploma of the Royal College of Music.

## A DALMATIAN HERO

A dog is the hero of this incident, which happened the other day in Dalmatia.

Little Tito Franin, aged four, was sitting in his father's boat playing with his dog when he overbalanced and fell into the water.

There was no one about and the child would have drowned had his faithful dog not leapt in after him, hung on to Tito's clothes with his teeth, and kept him afloat till help came.

## GELERT'S GRAVE

We apologise to our Welsh readers for an error which every reader must have detected in the name of Gelert in our article on Dogs in a recent number of the C.N. This faithful hound's name, of course, is Gelert, the village where he lies being called Beddgelert, the word Bedd being Welsh for grave.

## THE WALLET FROM THE SKY

It would naturally be thought that any small article dropping from an aeroplane high up in the sky would be lost for ever.

Flight-Lieutenant Hawes certainly thought so when he lost his wallet while flying over Essex five years ago. But the other day, to his great astonishment, he had it returned to him by a farm labourer, who had discovered it while digging potatoes in a field at Abridge! The wallet was none the worse for its adventure, and its contents were intact.

## A TOWN HALL TO GO

Another piece of history is doomed; it is the Tudor town hall at Wrexham, which was built in the days of Henry the Eighth, and is to come down to make room for a new trunk road linking up Swansea and Manchester.

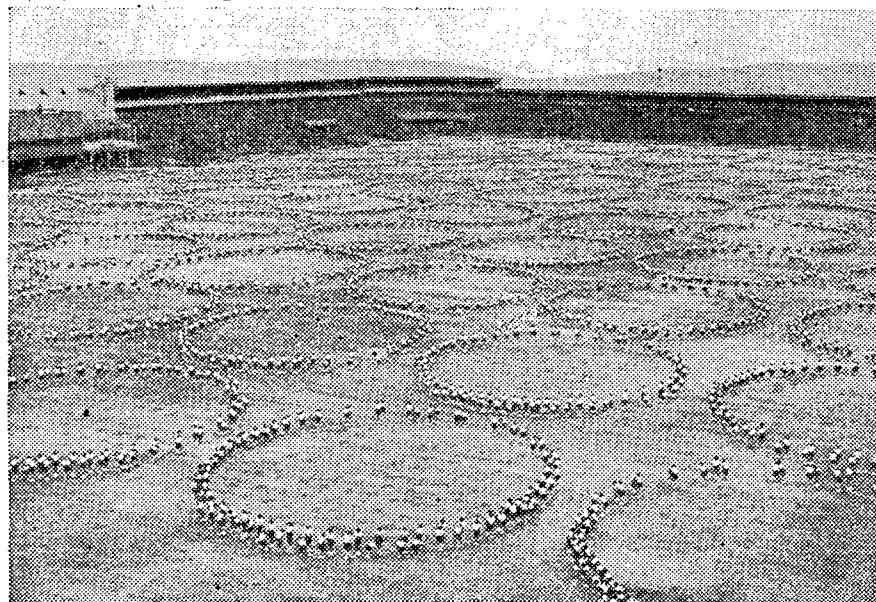
## LONDON'S SCHOOL ARTISTS

One of the biggest exhibitions of works of art by school children has been open this week at the London County Hall.

The 500 drawings, paintings, and designs shown are the best out of 4000 sent in from 500 schools of all types, from the infants' to the secondary school.

The modern methods of teaching Art allow full expression of the individuality of the child and do not seek to bind him down to slavish copying of a lifeless object on a table or a blackboard. The Art Class, as a result, has gained in popularity both among boys and girls, and much excellent work is to be seen in this exhibition.

## Every One a Human Life



A remarkable picture taken at the recent Sokol festival in Prague, when thousands of Czecho-Slovakian boys and girls gave a display of physical culture in the Masaryk Stadium.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 23

1938

## Some Have No Holidays

HOLIDAYS are good things, to be enjoyed every minute of them; they are as much part of a good life as schooldays are.

We do not wish to cast a shadow over "days of fresh air in the rain and the sun," but we should like our readers who are on holiday to think sometimes of the others who have no holidays. They need not become miserable about them, but they ought not to forget them.

There are still very many grown-ups and children who cannot get away to the sea or into the country. Sometimes they have the time but not the money to pay for fares and lodgings; so they must make the best of it in the street in which they live all the year round. But those of us who are swimming in the sea today, or climbing the hills, know how much they miss, and we must remember them.

Yet thinking by itself is not enough. When we feel something we ought to say at once, *Well, what am I going to do about it?*

We may not be able to do much, but we can make a beginning by giving something to a children's summer holiday fund.

We remember hearing of a fine gift which came to London from Africa. Some black girls and boys, hearing from their teacher in a mission school that some children in London were too poor to take a holiday, put their little gifts together and sent them overseas. That was the right spirit.

But perhaps there is something more personal which we can do. Is there a boy at school with you who, when you break up, says cheerfully enough, "We are not getting a holiday this year; Dad's out of work, so we shall have days out on the Heath?" When you are away you might think of that friend of yours. You can write to him and let him know that you are thinking about him. Perhaps you might send him a little present.

But no one ought to have any doubt that holidays are so necessary to a good life that everyone should have one; and we, when we grow up, should not be content till others enjoy the glorious days we have ourselves by the sea or on the moor. They give us pictures which are on view all the year in the gallery we call Memory, and we can spread them everywhere if we all try.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Good Earth For Next to Nothing

WE take the following advertisement from a daily newspaper:

Oxfordshire: Approximately 200 acres neglected farm, derelict cottage and buildings. Lovely situation, adjoining golf course. Long frontages to road and stream. Some timber. Cheap to clear. Freehold and tithe-free. £2000.

No other country in Europe could produce such an advertisement. Here are 200 acres of good English land in the county of Oxfordshire offered for £2000, or £10 an acre! The buildings are derelict, the farm neglected. The situation is lovely.

In not a few European countries they drain at great expense to make land; here we see good land going begging, producing little or nothing.

## Something to Do

WE like that little tale of the beach scavenger of one of our seaside towns. He has a sort of joint business, he says. In the morning he distributes the entertainment circulars to the people on the beach and in the afternoon he picks them up.

## White Man's Burden

IT is difficult to think of a more astonishing example of the impact of Progress on the Primitive than the news from Groote Eylandt in the Gulf of Carpentaria in Northern Australia.

At this remote spot a little outpost has been established for the Empire Flying-Boat Service between England and Australia, but while the wireless station was being erected the natives stole a section of the steel lattice mast to make spears. To the aboriginal mind a wireless mast is not a magic method of talking through space, but merely a useful commodity for making spears with which to obtain food.

To round off this incident, we are told that a policeman arrested the culprits and that if convicted they will be taken to Port Darwin by air, as there is no other means of transport.

## Something to be Thankful For

GERMANY and Poland have agreed that there shall be impartial treatment of German and Polish history in the schools of both countries.

The facts are to be related without passion or partisanship, and no offensive expressions about either country are to be tolerated.

This is as it should be, and we should like to see the same treatment accorded to history everywhere. *Nothing in malice* should be the rule.

What makes this particular agreement so remarkable is that Germany and Poland have had so many differences, and there is surely much to be thankful for in this news.

## On the Road

WE first met the Hitch-Hiker in films from America, but this ugly term has been applied to gentlemen of leisure who carefully avoid work and travel from place to place by boarding motor-vehicles.

Now, it seems, the hitch-hiker is becoming a feature of the English countryside.

One of our public men has been saying that by means of lorry-jumping men travel hundreds of miles and lose their identity; another critic has urged that the hitch-hiker should be taken off the roads and compelled to be useful. Certainly something needs to be done to save such people from themselves.

## THE BROADCASTER

BIRMINGHAM'S rubbish heaps yield £70,000 a year to the city.

ABOUT 16,000 children are to cruise at the London docks this summer.

LIVERPOOL has decided against public-houses in a new town of 20,000 people.

## JUST AN IDEA

*That was a striking little thing we read the other day—that newspapers used to be a pleasant accompaniment for breakfast, blending happily with the coffee and the toast, but now they take the appetite away.*

## Under the Editor's Table

A WOMAN declares that she addresses many remarks to her neighbour but gets no response. Perhaps she forgets to post them.

MODERN art associates colour with sound. Hue and cry.

THINGS are usually a bit flat in some people's houses. One has to be pressed to stay.

MANY main roads are up. Motorists have praised them up.

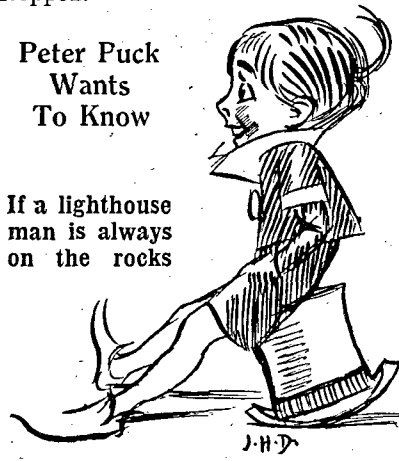
A LITTLE book has been issued on How to Use the Telephone. There is a call for it.

IT is suggested that if Shakespeare had had a typewriter he might have written more plays. But he would probably have typed them.

AN idea has been started that milk should be delivered freely at every house. Hope it won't be dropped.

Peter Puck  
Wants  
To Know

If a lighthouse  
man is always  
on the rocks



## Margaret of the Slag-Heap

We hear that 137,000 children from the Distressed Areas are to visit the seaside this summer. It is good news, and we are delighted; but we are constrained to print this from one who is left behind.

Dear Editor,

I'm sitting on  
A box outside our house,  
While looking after Charlie, who  
Is quiet as a mouse.

He's in his pram, and mother says  
I must not let him cry  
Till father finds some work to do:  
He hopes to by and by.

I wish he could, for then, perhaps,  
(If Charlie had a sleep)  
We might have just one sunny  
day  
Away from this slag-heap.

It rises up behind our house,  
As ugly as can be;  
O, wouldn't it be lovely just  
For once to see the sea!

I'd carry Charlie in my arms  
And paddle with bare feet,  
And never think how wearily  
I tramp this dreary street.

If I could have a little wish,  
I'd wish that for one day  
Our cinder-track might all be  
sand  
Where we could dig and play.

But, better still, I'd like to find  
Real pebbles on the shore.  
I wouldn't bring them all away,  
I'd be content with four;

And I would put them on the  
slag,  
Pretending that the sea  
Was just below, and that they  
were  
The three of us and me.

I haven't time for more today  
For Charlie's going to fret.  
I'll wheel him round the slag  
again.

Yours truly, Margaret

## The Love He Has Promised to His People

I SAID, Wherefore, Lord? Whereunto was I born?

And he said unto me, Number me the things that are not yet come; gather me together the drops that are scattered abroad; make me the flowers green again that are withered; open me the places that are closed and bring me forth the winds that in them are shut up; shew me the image of a voice; and then I will declare to thee the thing that thou labourest to know.

And I said, O Lord, who may know these things but he that hath not his dwelling with men?

Then said he unto me, Like as thou canst do none of these things, even so canst thou not find out my judgment, or the love that I have promised unto my people. Esdras in the Apocrypha

## Faith

Faith is an invisible and invincible magnet and attaches to itself whatever it fervently desires and calmly and persistently expects. Waldo Trine



## THE FACTORY'S MAGNA CARTA

### Good News For All Who Work in It

Great Britain has six million factory workers, and all will benefit by changes which have now come into force.

The women and young people among them are to have better times than ever before. From this month women and young people are able to stay in bed an extra hour, for the new Factories Act decrees that the earliest starting time for them is seven instead of six. The new Act, the first of its kind for 37 years, is a charter of liberty for tens of thousands, giving them hours to spare. Periods of employment are now reduced from 60 hours a week to 48 for women and for all under 16, and there is to be a regulation governing overtime for women so that they cannot be employed for more than an extra hundred hours in a year. As for boys and girls, they are never to work overtime in factories.

How far we have advanced in the last century or so we realise only when we begin contrasting present conditions with those of the bad old days. There was no need then to go out to the sugar or cotton plantations to find slaves, for we had them here in England's green and pleasant land, the land in which Ebenezer Elliott pleaded that the children might have bread while Lord Shaftesbury pleaded that they should have freedom.

#### Safety First in the Mills

It is good to know that neither in the mine nor in the mill is humanity ground down today as it was then. We were reading not long ago of boys and girls of seven and eight working in the mine, of girls and women toiling there from four in the morning till six at night, and of cruelties that seem barbarous now. Countless stories there are of the shocking conditions in our factories, especially of the way in which poor children were literally worked to death; and in Derbyshire and Yorkshire we know places where orphans dropped at the machines they were tending, dying without anyone to care for them.

Not only are hours shorter today, but working conditions are better, and the new Act ensures that they will be better still. It is impossible to compare the crowded mills of last century with the spacious and well-ventilated ones of our time. The new Act compels every mill-owner to fence his machinery, and in every factory with more than 50 employees there must be a first-aid man and an ambulance box. Women who have to stand at their work are to be provided with a seat. No woman and no young person may clean or oil a machine while it is in motion. All floors and stairs must be reasonably clean. Every mill must have fire-escapes.

So the Act goes on, a glorious Factory Magna Carta, telling the world that there is no sweated labour in our land, proclaiming the right of human beings to be treated with respect.

### The Lout About

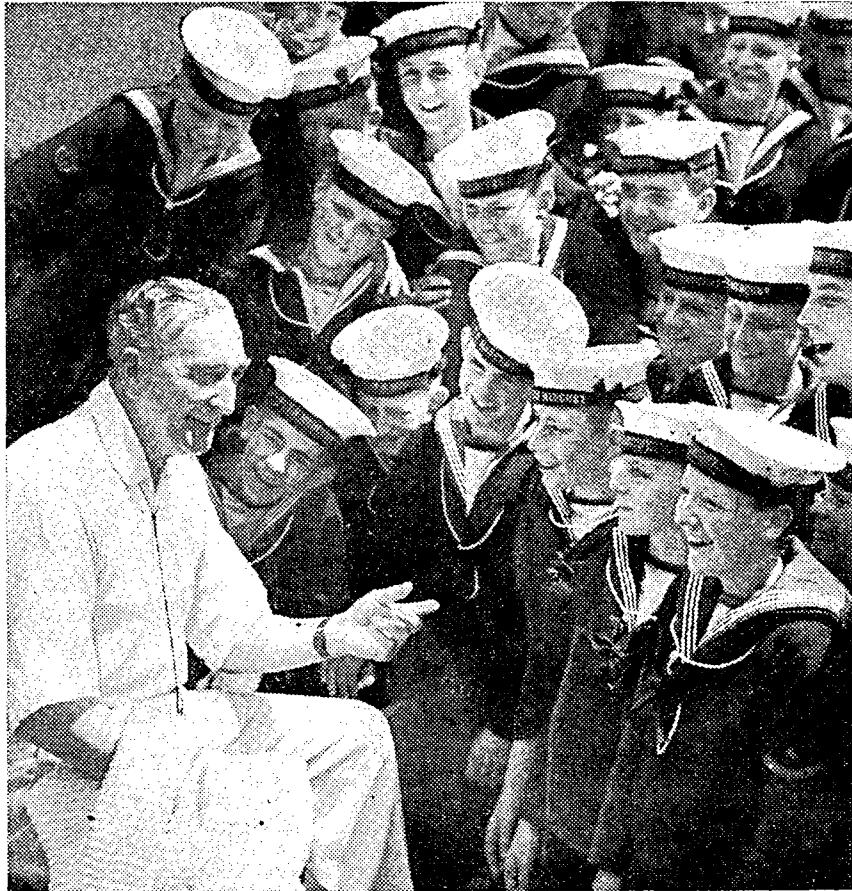
By a Lancashire Correspondent

The beasts were out again last Sunday, this time in lovely Miller's Dale.

They drove up in five motor cars and tore up lumps of beautiful flowers, roots and all. All over the place were great patches where this looting had been going on.

Nothing is sacred to these people, neither the day nor the things of nature. It made one's blood boil to see them tearing up patches of delicate wild flowers. Too mean to pay the few coppers that would give them plants in abundance, they must come and spoil the beauty of the countryside to plant their own gardens.

## C. B. Fry to C N Boys



All the world knows C. B. Fry, here talking to the boys on the Training Ship Mercury. Twenty years ago he was talking to C N boys, and this is what he said in one of his letters.

**M**Y DEAR MATES, An important point is this. All of us, if we are to be any good, *must* do things we do not like.

Half the battle of life is won, nay more, if once we learn how to do well things we do not like. This is my medicine. And I wish I had taken regular doses of it myself all my life. My word, what? ... but there!

My medicine is a certain cure, the only cure I know. It is just this. If you do not like doing a thing, simply make a fine art of doing it to perfection. Then you are home, because you forget your dislike of the thing in the pleasure no man is ever without when he is being a real artist.

Now, washing up dirty plates, cleaning buckets, mending clothes, scrubbing decks, keeping one's temper, holding one's tongue, and all similar troublesome things can be made pleasant to do if only one makes an art, a fine art, of them. Be an artist and you beat the bogey. Even trying does the trick, for the dullness and unpleasantness evaporate in the brightness and warmth of trying to succeed. This is a tremendous tip; stick it on your cue.

#### Danger of Having No Ideals

Lots of people pride themselves on being practical. They scoff at theory and at ideals, and so on. Give them good practical common sense.

Well, they say that the road to ruin is paved with good intentions; but I say these are rough, projecting stones that one can grip, and so stop our swift glissade. And I say, too, that what lubricates, oils, "slipperifies," and renders dangerous the downward slope is—just what? Just practical common sense. Of course, I do not mean the right kind

of common sense; I mean the common kind of practical common sense—the kind that sees no use in ideals.

Why, good gracious me, even a fool can see that all good doing is based on good thinking. You cannot have good practice without good theory; and you cannot have good practice without ideals. Great deeds without great thoughts never were and never will be.

Of course, again, it is no good having ideals if you do not try to put them into practice. That is the companion folly to believing that tremendous practicalness without ideals will win anything and everything; it will win nothing worth having from Life.

#### Dream Great Dreams

No bridge was ever yet built which did not exist first as a thought in the mind of the engineer. No beautiful bridge was ever built or thought out except in the soul of an engineer who could dream dreams.

My mate, you must dream fine dreams, you must think great thoughts, you must do big things, if you are to be much use; neither one nor the other of these things, but all.

And, look you, the place for all this is not in the sunset-clouds, not over the blue hills far away; but just here. There is only one place to play this game—just where you are now. That is the only pitch for the match; there is no other. It is the humble things of daily life that will make you or mar you. That is the task, there is the battlefield, there is the victory, leading where you like—to success, fame, and honour.

You may not move far on the path. But you will move in no other carriage; so jump straight in.

### The Scotsman

The new Flying Scotsman trains now running might be called the most silent expresses in the world. Man has put every ounce of his ingenuity into making them sound-proof, and the trains have double glass everywhere, the floor, roof, and sides being insulated against noise.

It is now possible to travel by the Sunday Scotsman trains, which leave London and Edinburgh at 11 in the morning, each train making the world's record non-stop run of seven hours.

### Sweet Remembrances

The workpeople of Bolton have been on holiday, for it is Wakes time.

As the trains drew out friends called after them, "Well, goodbye, lads. Don't forget us!" and they did not forget, for an avalanche of 1000 boxes of kippers has been pouring through the post office, the annual present to the unfortunate stay-at-homes. There must have been grilling and frying on all hands, and extra tasty breakfasts, while the 52,000 picture postcards were admired and discussed.

## POWER FROM THE SUN

### The Problem That is Baffling Men

Gifts of £130,000 have been given within a year to two American Universities for trying to find out how power can be got from the sun.

This dream of converting the almost unimaginable loss of solar energy into useful work on the earth has attracted scientists, charlatans, and inventors for a century. Men have tried to imprison sunlight in a box again and again, not realising that heat is merely a wave-motion in what we call the ether and not a tangible thing that can be bottled up or dealt with piecemeal.

But these unusual gifts have set many men thinking anew, and are a reminder of the wonderful sun engines designed by Mr Shuman and others described from time to time in the C N; and of the enterprising experiments of men like Mr Claude, inventor of the neon lamp, who tried to sink a pipe two miles long down into the sea to make use of the difference in temperature of the water low down and that warmed by the sun's rays at the surface.

#### What Sunshine Gives

There have been many romantic descriptions of the billions of horsepower wasted in the sun's energy, of the trillions of tons of coal that would have to be burned to equal a day's heat given off by it, but perhaps the most sensible is that of Dr Compton, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the other day, when acknowledging the new gift for this research. In three months of greatest sunshine, he said, an acre of land receives directly from the sun an amount of heat equivalent to that which would be produced by burning about 250 tons of coal.

Here, then, is the real problem for the engineer or the chemist. Any sun engine that is devised must not be more costly to run and maintain than this. The property of one kind of photo-cell to give off energy when light falls on it has naturally led many inventors to think of it as a promising solution, but no form of cell yet exists which holds any real promise of practical results. A great part of this new gift of money must be devoted to finding out which (if any) of the sun engines and solar energy devices have any real promise of competing with coal and the motor engine in actual cost.

Sunlight power is being used and converted into energy on an infinite scale all the time by our crops and vegetation, but to trap sunlight and use its power directly is a problem almost as elusive as the getting of gold from sea water.

### The Walking Dairy

During the recent Royal Agricultural Show at Cardiff a Friesian cow gave nearly ten gallons of milk in a single day.

The quantity is by no means a record, but, as was pointed out at the show, the milk yielded by this animal would furnish the daily ration of one-third of a pint each to a school of 240 scholars.

Friesian cows are regarded as novelties in England. The fact is that they were regularly brought over here from Holland during the 17th and 18th centuries, and during that time were the dominant type down the East coast.

Cattle disease caused a break in the importation for many years from 1870, but the breed was maintained, and importation was renewed a quarter of a century ago not only from Holland but from South Africa, where Dutch Friesians had developed magnificently.

The Friesian is probably the greatest milk-yielder. Its milk is not so rich as that of other breeds, but for that reason is more digestible, and therefore specially favoured for children and invalids.

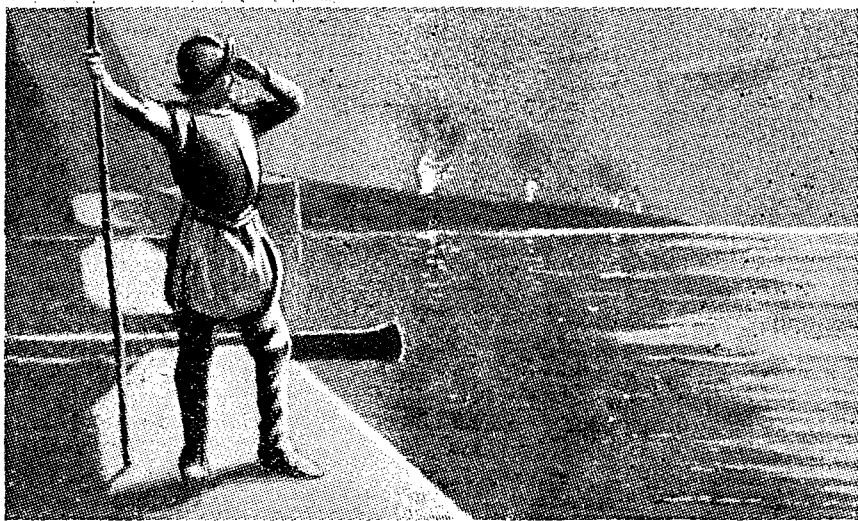


# The Night When The Great Armada Came

One of the unfinished poems of Lord Macaulay describes the rising of our countryside at the coming of the Great Armada, just 350 years ago this week.

*When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.*

Everywhere the fiery beacons carried the news from hill to hill, and from end to end of England the inhabitants of the villages and cities were roused.



"England is Watching"—Beacon fires round the coast at the coming of the Armada

From a picture given to His Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Tree

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:  
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:  
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;  
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed the haughty scroll of gold.  
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,  
High on St Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,  
And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires:  
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires,  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer.

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.  
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;  
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north.

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:  
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,  
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;

Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide Vale of Trent;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle. . . .

# AN OLD LADY

THE flowers in our gardens are at their best; no city surpasses London for its parks and no country equals ours for its gardens.

It is a good time to think of a bunch of flowers that has been in London for over a hundred years, and that any one of us may see in one of the wonderful rooms of the British Museum.

They are the flowers of an old lady who was born when men still remembered Cromwell. She lived through nearly all the 18th century, moved among the great folk of her time, and saw four monarchs on the throne. As the century drew near its end she found herself alone, and gave herself an interesting piece of work to do. She was something of an artist; she was something of a naturalist. She loved colours and flowers. Her sight was good, her touch was fine, and she made up her mind to leave behind a bunch of flowers which should not fade away.

## Roses in the Heart

If you would grow beautiful roses, says an old Eastern proverb, you must grow them first in the heart. Mary Delany grew roses in her heart and in her garden too; and she did more, for she made a famous set of flower mosaics which has kept alive the name of this old lady of 80. There are ten volumes of them, and you may see them by going to the Prints Department of the British Museum and asking for the Delany Mosaics. Let us look at the story of this wonderful old lady.

She was born in 1700, the daughter of Bernard Granville, a brother of Lord Lansdowne. By a curious and most romantic fate the throne of England was a background to her childhood and part of the setting of the last years of her long life. Personal stories of kings and queens were in the child's ears continually—the ordinary gossip of the house. If one could have peeped inside little Mary's mind, what a strange image of Royalty might have been seen!

She was from her earliest years destined by her family for a place in the household of Queen Anne.

We see the little Mary listening to tales of the flight of James Stuart in 1688—living incidents of the tumultuous happenings of that glorious revolution which is now a page of history for us—and the arrival of the silent, hard-working Dutchman king. After William came Anne. For the child it was always stories of first one monarch and then another.

## The New Union Jack

WHEN Mary was only about seven she would see a new flag flying, showing the Cross of St George of England overlying the Cross of St Andrew of Scotland; and she must have been puzzled at the new Union Jack, and wondered what the new Union of England and Scotland meant. In the meantime good Queen Anne was about to die, and some of the people were drinking the health of "the king across the water," as they called the man we call the Old Pretender, who was living in France; and many others were praying for the coming of the Guelphs of Hanover to put an end to this profligate power of the Stuart

House. At last Queen Anne was really dead, and George the First was king.

Little Mary Granville had already lived under three monarchs. She was growing up, and was at an age when most girls in those days were embroidering wedding clothes. And one fine day—at the age of 17—she was married to Alexander Pendarves of Cornwall. The bridegroom was nearly sixty: "fat, sulky, snuffy," he is said to have been; very fond of wine, but possessed of great estates. His death in 1724 put an end to the unhappiness of his young wife.

## A Great Lady

BEFORE Mary had enjoyed her new freedom many years there was another king upon the throne. She outlived him, and the time came when she said "God save your Majesty!" to still another sovereign, George the Third. She dwelt in close friendship with the household of this monarch, and during her last few years in a home of his providing at Windsor, until her death, in April 1788. The Royal Family considered a day never complete unless it included a visit to "dearest Mrs Delany." So does the thread of this one life stitch the generations together.

In her younger middle age Mary became a great lady in society, and found time to be very much interested in books and writers, pictures and painters. She wrote verse of considerable merit, painted in both oils and water-colours, and was skilled in crayon work. Almost two years she had spent with friends in Ireland, seeking distraction from some of the immediate sorrows with which her life was evil-starred—a love affair that had gone wrong, and the death of her aunt Lady Stanley. In Ireland she had met people of learning and culture, among them Dean Swift.

## Friendship With Swift

AFTER this meeting a friendship grew between Mary and the great writer, and the acquaintance is mirrored both in Swift's Journal to Stella, his correspondence, and her own. A quaint, enlivening friendship it must have been. Now Swift, the stylist, is soundly rating the gentle, restrained woman for the use of the word mob. Never let me hear you use that word again, said the Dean, in great anger. What, then, should I say? *Rabble*, to be sure, replied Swift. Now they are corresponding evenly on political affairs, Mary giving in her decorous way the gossip of the times. Now she meets him at "the witty club," and allows herself to say that he is "a very odd companion (if that expression is not too familiar for so extraordinary a genius); he talks a great deal, and does not require many answers."

When Mary was an old lady she used to tell tales "to the younger generation" of the famous Irishman, and of Pope, Dr Johnson, and many others; of the publication of *The Tatler*, which she read and enjoyed; of *The Spectator*, which she found "almost too modern" for her to speak of it. All the men of letters who were of any moment came under her notice. Life was leisurely in those days, and



# 'S BUNCH OF FLOWERS

## Wonderful Mary Delany

ladies read with eagerness the nine volumes of *Clarissa* and showered their favours on Richardson.

They are strange times to look back on. It is probable that in later days Mrs Delany would not have been considered the intellectual person that she was in her own day; but a little learning and culture in a woman went a long way then, and was greeted with respect by men who were weary of social inanities.

Mary was a graceful, distinguished personage. She would have been shocked at the manners of our own time. Even the waltz would have seemed vulgar to her, and we dare not estimate her disapproval of the jazz. She wore panniers to her dresses, danced the minuet with slow, stately paces, and could rest as long as you please down in the trough of a curtsy. We see her thus, gliding down the changing century.

### Life in Somerset House

In the midst of her social grandeur she perhaps had a suspicion that pure domestic happiness was passing her by. Honours were heaped upon her. Her greatest friend was the Duchess of Portland, and generally it happened that the summer was passed with the duchess in the country and the winter in London. Some of her pleasantest hours were spent in Somerset House with her uncle Sir John Stanley, who had apartments in that building.

Mary's great day dawned in 1743. She married, not without many protests from her friends, the Reverend Patrick Delany, whom she had met years before in Ireland. The marriage was looked upon as a terrible blunder; but Mary had married once in obedience when she would rather have become the wife of another—she was not going to miss happiness twice. She entered now upon 25 golden years of peace.

In 1768 her husband died, and a few years later came the death of the duchess. Mary found herself once more ill-starred by loneliness and sorrow. She suffered the penalty of one who lives on while friends and kindred, one after another, fall away. Her vitality and her intense love of the beautiful were still untouched; but, feeling herself perhaps slipping away into the Great Shadow, she threw out a saving line, so to speak, to earth. At the age of 73 she began the work which was to make her name remembered. She began to build up in paper mosaics the flowers she loved.

### A Labour of Love

FOR ten years, until her eyesight failed, the old lady worked at her labour of love. By that time she had made a thousand specimens; and was something of a public character.

Although she had lost her dearest friend in the Duchess of Portland, she kept in remembrance the many acquaintances of a long lifetime and also the younger members of her own family. Her carefully detailed will shows how lovingly she thought of them all, leaving to each one some

work of her own hands or a personal possession—either a copy of one of the Great Masters, a sketch in water-colour or crayon, or the Dresden blue-and-white cup and saucer out of which she used to drink her tea, or some of her collection of shells, or some books; here and there a friendly "five guineas to buy a ring" comes in her smaller bequests.

### Ten Volumes of Mosaics

HER own portrait, painted by Opie, had been for some time hanging in the rooms of King George and Queen Charlotte, and at the request of her friends the painter executed a second similar picture of Mrs Delany. It was for this portrait that, after her death, Horace Walpole designed an ornate frame with an inscription underneath which showed in what high esteem her great contemporary held her. Walpole was not alone in his admiration.

Her work has been praised by Charles Darwin. Edmund Burke called her the "fairest model of female excellence of the days that were passed."

Looking through the ten volumes of her mosaics, which were bequeathed to the nation in 1897, we are astonished at the quality of the work, at its unique beauty. Mrs Delany had that genius which is a capacity for taking infinite pains, and we lay down her mosaics feeling humble and dissatisfied with our own easier ways of doing things.

She collected from her friends all kinds of coloured tissue paper; the tints she could not procure she painted on paper herself. Then she began cutting out the shapes of the patches of colour in the flower she was copying. She had that gift which all art students try to acquire, of seeing colour and shadow in definite shapes.

As a foundation to the flower (let us say a rose) she pasted down scraps of paper, on a faultless outline to begin with, of the colour of the darker parts of the flower. By infinite gradations, and not forgetting the fine streak of grey light on the warm bloom, she built up the tones of the flower, pasting down triumphantly the last fragment, the brightest little pentagon of scarlet that stains a red rose.

### Infinite Patience

HER precision, her judgment, her eye for colour, must have been marvellous. There were no short cuts in her work. The labour of building up such a rose cannot have been rapid. It is no easy thing to cut out minute fragments, lay them with infinite patience just in the right spot, gum them down, cut more fragments, lay them in the right spot and gum them down. It is perhaps the parts of her work which do not show that matter the most. Low tones carefully built up underlie the bright upper tints, and without them the high colours would have no value at all.

We see her sitting working at her miraculously fine craft with tiny, dainty fingers and unfailing patience, never contented save with that which, in the limits of her medium, was perfection. We hear her gentle voice as

friends take up her specimens: "I warrant you will think that the effect of that overturning petal is got with paint. Look closely. It is three more layers of paper to create the illusion of the curling lily. Those fine lines—no, they are not rendered with the brush. Look closely. There are over a hundred bits of paper in that blossom."

In the light of the knowledge of her life, and in our dim guesses of what great art is, we see Mrs Delany as a most outstanding figure in a century that is already, in spirit, remote. So much joy and sorrow, we cannot help thinking, go into her work as into all great work. After dancing her way

through the fine salons of England, this tranquil and courageous old lady, refusing to be old and die, dances her way through a mass of flowers as joyous to look on as those in Fra Angelico's paradise.

She was happy as only those are who are employed on work they love. About a hundred years later Robert Louis Stevenson was saying:

*The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as  
kings.*

Not in the same words would she have said it, but that radiant truth was in her heart.





## PLANNING THEIR PEOPLE'S WORK

### States Experimenting on a Wide Scale

Russia continues to advance by the method of Five Year Plans.

These plans are really Industrial Budgets, which settle in advance what work is to be done, and why. It is claimed that they are superior to commercial operations carried on by private firms because they are steady and free from booms and slumps, while they abolish unemployment. Whether these claims can be supported remains to be seen; it is well, however, to understand their aim.

The first Five Year Plan ran from 1928 to 1932, the second from 1933 to 1937; the Third began this year, and runs until 1942; and the Fourth is to begin in 1943.

#### This Year's Work

Year by year a portion of the current Five Year Plan is scheduled for execution. Let us look at the work planned for this year, so far as it is concerned with heavy industry. The programme is planned to improve on 1937 by 16 per cent, which means doing about a sixth more than last year. The planned output includes:

Electric Power	34,000 million kilowatt hrs.
Coal	139 million tons
Oil and Gas	33 million tons
Iron Ore	32 million tons
Steel	15 million tons
Cement	6 million tons

These are big figures, but they are small relatively to the mighty area and population of Russia. It will be seen that Russia has now a bigger steel output than we have; it is about the same size as Germany's.

We have given only a few items from the current Plan, but we have to conceive it as concerned with *all* work; growing wheat, making boots, working peat and mining copper, rolling steel plates and building houses, making films and running theatres, transporting goods and people, and building up an army, navy, and air force.

In our own land, as in most others, the Government is only concerned with preparing an army, navy, and air force, with social services such as justice and education or roads, or with postal and allied services; the bulk of work is left to private ownership and direction. In Russia almost all work is controlled, directed, and capitalised by the State.

#### The Way of Germany and Italy

We live in a developing world, and should try to understand it. We may dislike the Bolshevik State, but we should at least know what it aims at.

The only other countries where work is State-planned are Germany and Italy, but these two nations do not forbid private enterprise as Russia does; they plan national work on general lines but largely leave the ownership and control of factories to individuals mutually associated in effort.

When great nations try out new plans of running a State the wise attitude is to be thankful for experiments in action on a great scale. They may be right or wrong, but it is not wise to refuse to look at them, or to call them stupid without troubling to examine them. To refuse to investigate a new invention, whether in chemistry, physics or statesmanship, is to refuse to learn. We can learn, and must learn, from both successes and failures.

#### Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL		
Rainfall	35 ins.	Aberdeen	3.34 ins.
Sunshine	207 hrs.	Tynemouth	2.71 ins.
Dry Days	28	Chester	2.51 ins.
Days with Rain	2	Birm'ham	2 ins.
Coldest day	2nd	Falmouth	1.57 ins.
Warmest day	21st	Gorleston	.94 ins.
Wettest day	21st	South'pton	.51 ins.

## Nothing New in the Weather

### NATURE'S THOUSAND-YEAR PLAN

WHEN the wind blew cold in the early days of this month somebody built a snow man on the lawn of a Worcestershire garden out of the snow that had fallen in drifts by the roadside.

It was a sight strange enough to write about in The Times, but it was only one of the pranks the weather has played on us this year of floods and drought, premature spring, and washed-out summer.

The snow seems almost like premature winter, but cold and frost in summer are not so out-of-the-way as our short memories might suppose. Apart from the cold days that come very regularly at the end of June and the beginning of July, and are attributed to an unexplained redistribution of the wind system of the Northern half of Europe, there is no month in the year when frost cannot happen. In the records of temperature of the last seventy years it is possible to find at least one night in some year when the thermometer fell below freezing in either May, June, July, August, or September.

Cowper writes of a frosty midsummer's morning in 1784. Horace Walpole writes of sitting by the fire in the July of 1777, and complains that English people are in truth Greenlanders and ought to conform to their climate. These are ancient days, but both before the 18th century and during the 19th many examples might be picked out from old diaries and letters to show that our summers might be blazing hot or "perishing cold," parched with drought or drowned in rain.

#### Topsy-Turvy Nature

This year has seemed as out-of-the-way as any, because the warmth of a March which had foregone its parching East winds was followed by an April which picked them up again. Nothing has gone according to our recognised Summer Plan since. Everything has been so topsy-turvy that many may be asking if Nature has any plan.

She certainly has. The regularity of the Indian South-West monsoon, or of the Nine-Months Wind of Baluchistan is evidence of it. There are other winds and other rains in various parts of the world which are equally punctual. The Trade Winds are the outstanding example.

In our part of the world, especially north of the latitude of London and throughout the British Isles in particular, we can only read Nature's plans a few days in advance, by studying the weather maps where the humps and hollows of the atmosphere surrounding these islands are marked. Even those, in spite of thousands of observations transmitted by wireless, are not easy to read, and sometimes seem to lay traps even for the learned.

But there is another way of forecasting the weather over longer periods. It is followed by a long-distance forecaster (Lord Dunboyne) whose predictions, though rather coldly received by the official meteorologists of the Air Ministry, have been unusually successful. This forecaster, though he has considerable knowledge about the periodical movements of the cyclones and anticyclones which bring us rain or dry weather, depends largely on a collection of records of day to day weather extending over more than 70 years.

Suppose, for example, a dry warm March is followed by a cold April, as in this year. He searches his records for a similar occurrence in years past, and bases his forecast of what will happen in the next two or three months accordingly. By a similar way of reasoning he notes whether a dry summer of a particular kind will be followed by another dry one; or whether wet summers or dry summers follow one another in little runs.

#### The Seasons in Cycles

They seem to do so, and more than one attempt has been made to show how different kinds of summers or winters fall into regular periods of years, or cycles. There is Bruckner's cycle, the best recognised, which brings back the same kinds of weather every 35 years, and 11-year cycles, less respected, which are laid to the influence of sunspots, and much longer ones of hundreds of years.

Such cycles must exist, but the causes of them are far from being made out. The regularity of the Indian monsoon is comprehensible because it depends on the yearly shift of the wind blowing from the Equator, as the Earth shifts about the Sun. But the weather in Europe depends on more complicated causes, one of the chief of which is the accumulation of ice about the North Pole. According as this melts sooner or later, or in greater or smaller quantity, so the winds of the Arctic take a hand in interfering with our weather.

This is, however, no new thing. It is a pendulum swing, and if only we knew just how long the swing took we could tell in advance what the general character of the weather would be this year, next year, and for more than three or four years to come.

It is arranged by Nature, not on a yearly plan but on a plan we do not know how long (perhaps a Thousand Year Plan), during which the weather changes in a regular way. It has been doing so for at least 2000 years, during which the character of the climate has shown no change: Roman, Saxon, and Norman found cold and rain, fog and drought; in and out of season.

## Good News From Dovedale

THERE is more good news from Dovedale, encouraging the hope that this lovely part of England will form our first National Park.

The National Trust announces that Sir Robert McDougall is taking steps to bring under the control of the Trust the 180 acres on the Staffordshire side of Dovedale which run south from Ilam Rock to the Izaak Walton Hotel, and to cover by protection of covenants 100 more acres of meadows and farmland fronting the Dove and Manifold rivers where they meet.

It was the generous public spirit of Sir Robert which gave the National Trust Harts Wood, north of Ilam Rock, four years ago and thus inaugurated its property in this district, property which now amounts to 900 acres with protecting covenants over 2000 acres more.

As announced in the C N a few weeks ago, the Trust has an opportunity of acquiring 900 more acres in the Manifold Valley if £13,500 can be raised by the autumn.

The area to be given by Sir Robert McDougall is separate from this, but we hope the fact that it is to be acquired will encourage a few C N readers to subscribe to the purchase of the 900 acres.

The new gift is of the greatest value to the nation, because it will make possible a continuous walk of many miles from Biggin Dale to the southern entrance of Dovedale, and includes such splendid natural features as the Church Rock, Jacob's Ladder, and the Twelve Apostles. The walk along the Staffordshire bank of the Dove will also open up new views of Reynards Cave and the Tissington Spires on the Derbyshire side.

## SURREY'S WELCOME TO ITS NEW BOOK

### One More King's England Volume

Surrey and Nottinghamshire are the latest volumes of the King's England books, in which the Editor of the C N is surveying the towns, cities, and villages of England. We give below a few opinions of the Surrey volume, which deals with 164 places and is published at 10s. 6d by Hodder and Stoughton.

Should be read by all who live in Surrey; wonderfully interesting.

Caterham Weekly Press

The volume on Surrey gives charming little pen pictures and historical records concerning 164 towns, villages, and hamlets. It is indeed a modern Domesday Book, recording, with a touch of affection, all that is interesting in the county, its treasures in churches, in history, and in famous sons of Surrey, and, most of all, in beautiful rural scenery.

Surrey Mirror

Our lovely county has been treated with an affectionate touch. The book not only gives the broad strokes of general description to be expected of such a work, but contains much of the intimate and entrancing detail beloved by those who know the localities, but most likely to be overlooked by hurrying visitors or stay-at-home neighbours. Insight and appreciation of tradition abound in this tale of the towns and villages of Surrey.

Surrey Advertiser

Mr Mee presents the county to us in a volume as easily read as our popular press of today. To the motorist looking for a fresh interest in his week-end car rides this book will be a happy companion.

Surrey Times

This book eclipses all other books on Surrey by the extraordinary wealth and completeness of its information and descriptive detail. It would be hard to think of anything of Surrey that could not be found here.

British Weekly

One of the most entertaining and charming books on Surrey we have had the pleasure of drawing the attention of readers to.

Richmond Herald

Arthur Mee's staff of learned clerks never fall into the pitfall of ignoring any building or person with less than 400 years' antiquity to recommend them. This Surrey book is full of fascinating modernities.

Nottingham Journal

Arthur Mee's Surrey describes our county in a way which, while not vaunting it over our ignorance, strikes at our conscience when we are in a mood to boast of our knowledge, and stimulates us to set out to see the treasures we have missed.

Croydon Times

## Orlando Jay Smith and His Old Farms

In a certain township of America named Summerville all trees are protected by an ordinance which reads:

*It shall be unlawful for any person to injure or destroy any living tree or sapling within the corporate limits of the town except through permission from the Town Council.*

This is so well observed that no tree is ever cut in the town unless it is necessary for the preservation of other trees or because of disease.

A great lover of trees was Major Orlando Jay Smith, founder of the American Press Association. His hobby was to buy old farms and plant them. He searched Europe for its most beautiful trees, and planted their seedlings by the thousand in fields where there had been only brush and weeds, and when one farm had been redeemed and planted he sold it and went on to another. He thought not of profits but of trees, and left behind him beauty which he had helped to create.



July 23, 1938

*The Children's Newspaper*

II

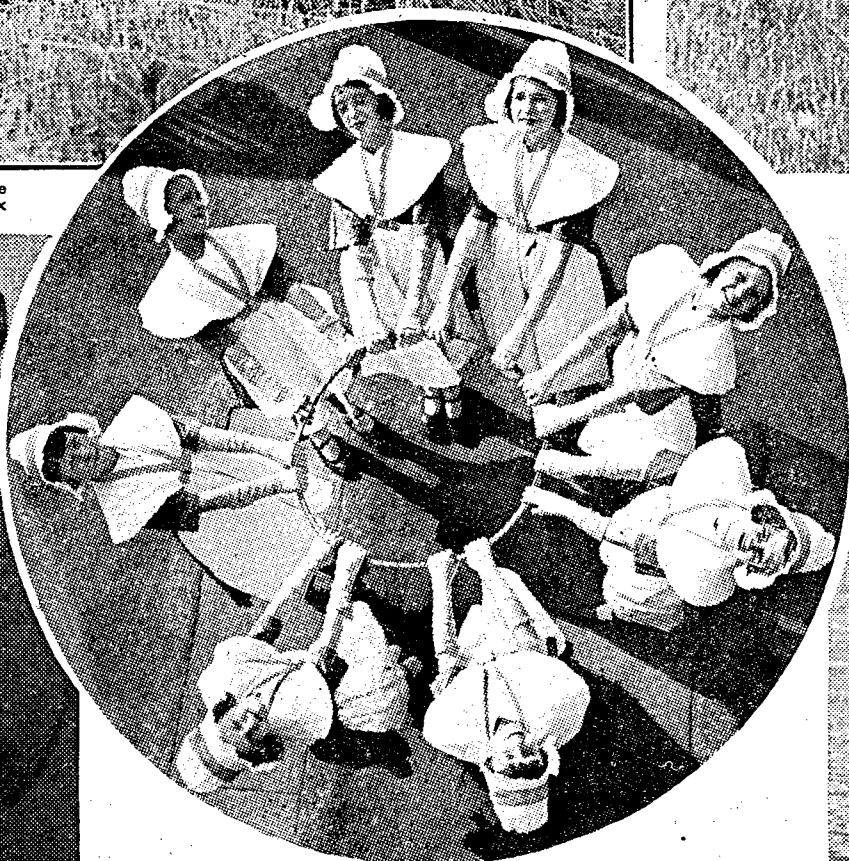
# In the Harvest Field • Braille Bible • Weymouth Swannery



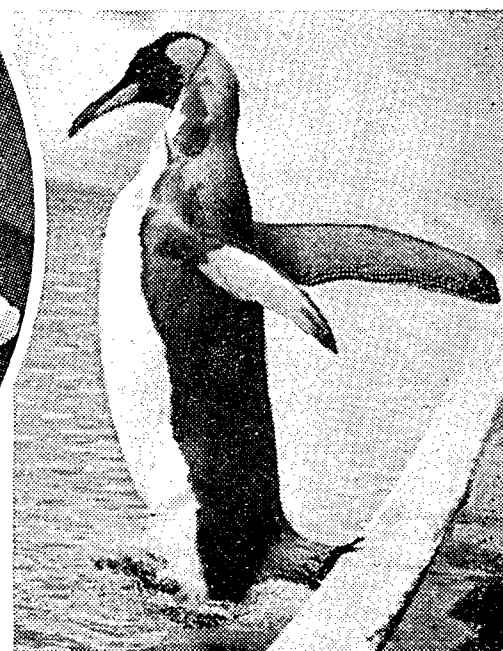
Early Harvest—At work in a field of rye that has been cut near Crawley in Sussex



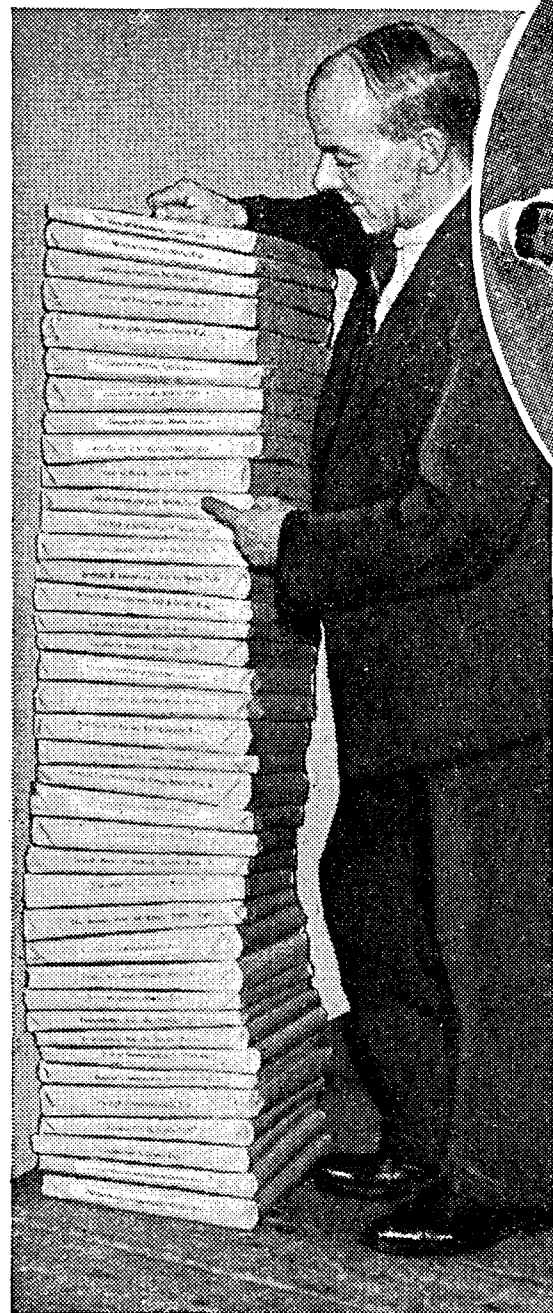
A mettlesome mount for a rider at Blackpool



Ring of Roses—Girls of the Lambeth school founded by Archbishop Tenison in 1706 wearing their 18th-century costumes



His Morning Dip—A penguin at the London Zoo



The Bible for the Blind—Thirty-nine volumes, the complete Bible, embossed in Braille type for the blind



Hundreds of Swans—A remarkable sight for visitors to Weymouth is the famous swannery, in which three hundred birds live



## TWAS IN ST KILDA'S BAY A Caller 16 Feet Long

A young New Zealand reader of the C.N. in Dunedin has sent us news of a visitor to the sands of St Kilda's Bay there, a visitor 16 feet long.

He was a sea elephant, and so rare and distinguished a caller had an interview with the naturalist of the nearest broadcasting station before he returned to the sea in the evening.

As he lay on the beach he appeared to have confided to his human friend that he had swum the 350 miles from the Macquarie Islands after having had the worst of a fight with a younger and more vigorous member of his tribe.

The old sea elephant appears to have been very exhausted and glad of his day's rest on the hospitable shores which from time to time are the refuge of sea lions. One of these, says our correspondent, became so tame that he used to go into shops and houses to be fed; in fact he went as far as the tram terminus and tried to board a tram. Joey, as he was called, at last became such a nuisance that he was packed off to Wellington Zoo where he fretted himself to death.

## Letter by Fish Post

It is recorded that a little while ago a letter was carried from Norway to Russia by a salmon.

Fishermen on the Pechora River, near Archangel, caught a salmon to which was attached a silver band, and under the band was a small cylinder bearing the words "Letter inside" in English and Norwegian.

The fish was sent to the Ichthyological Institute of Leningrad, where experts opened the cylinder and found this message inside:

*Please forward this letter and cylinder to the Zoological Institute, Oslo. Also information, place, and method of catching. Send samples of scales.*

## A Little News From Holland

One of our C.N. travelling correspondents has just come home from Holland, and sends us these notes.

Holland is full of unemployment, but it is being bravely tackled, and new roads are being constructed at great speed, with cycle tracks for cyclists.

In the village of Doorn, nowadays, the old Kaiser is a well-respected figure. He gets his courtiers to read the new books, especially on Archaeology, so as to keep him informed. His house is smallish, square and comfortable, set among woods, and he lives modestly.

The happy contrast between flowers and water is still to be observed in the canal-threaded towns, where the barges are now carrying both cheeses and blossoms, especially masses of pink roses and purple iris.

It is a sad fact that many of the windmills are being worked no longer, and that, owing to the gradual disappearance of saltwater fish from the now-enclosed Zuyder Zee, a button factory has been placed near one of the most picturesque fishing villages.

Church-going abounds; and we saw with our own eyes men in yellow sabots walking in troops along the cobbled streets to their Sunday services, and women wearing white muslin caps.

English books and papers you may see at the great book shops in profusion. The new houses everywhere building are of enlightened architecture, and most of them have orange-coloured hooped awnings out just now, which look very gay.

The modern Dutch girl cycles by with her fair hair done in a roll on her neck, like every other girl in England, but she will clean her house with more passion and scrub with more seriousness—so they say.

Holland has white foxgloves springing in her woods; she struck us as being in a happy, busy mood. Her queen is painting some pictures to be sent to enrich a town in the colony of Java.

## Russia's Wonder Building

New York will have to look to her laurels, for in Moscow, near the Kremlin, is now rising the tallest building in the world.

It is the gigantic Palace of the Soviets, Russia's first and only skyscraper. On the top of the building, which will be made of steel, concrete, and marble, will tower the biggest sculptured figure ever made by man, a colossal statue of Lenin which will be visible from 15 miles round.

The skyscraper will take four years to erect and cost four million pounds, and it is to stand as a symbol of New Russia and as a monument to Lenin.

Inside will be two huge auditoriums, one a theatre with accommodation for 6000, the other the Grand Hall, with a dome covering two acres and thirty storeys high! There will be two acres of seats which can all be made to vanish into a pit below, and eight platforms which can be raised at a moment's notice. The press of a button will produce a swimming-pool, a skating rink, a circus arena, a revolving stage, or a cinema screen.

## Laying-up Her Treasure Upon Earth

America, with all her troubles, is taking remarkable steps to safeguard her silver.

A huge concrete fortress has been built 45 miles north of New York on the banks of the River Hudson, where silver to the value of £172,000,000 will be kept.

Last year America had a busy time storing away her gold. Some of it, representing nearly half the total gold reserves of the world, was taken to Fort Knox in Kentucky, specially constructed for the purpose, and more was taken to a fortress at Denver in Colorado. Fort Knox has been made as impregnable as it is possible for man's brain to make it, a door weighing 20 tons guarding the entrance to the main vault.

## 350 MILLION LISTENERS

### The March of Radio

How many listeners must we reckon for each wireless set licensed for use?

The International Radio Union reckons the average at four. At the end of 1937 there were 87,500,000 receivers in use in the world, so that the number of listeners may be put at 350,000,000.

In Europe the sets numbered 31,200,000, which means 125,000,000 listeners. The population of Europe is over 500,000,000, so that one in four is a listener.

Soon, we may hope, nation will speak unto nation by wireless as a matter of course. May they speak Peace!

## The Old Wooden Bridge Must Go

Has New Zealand the longest wooden bridge in the world?

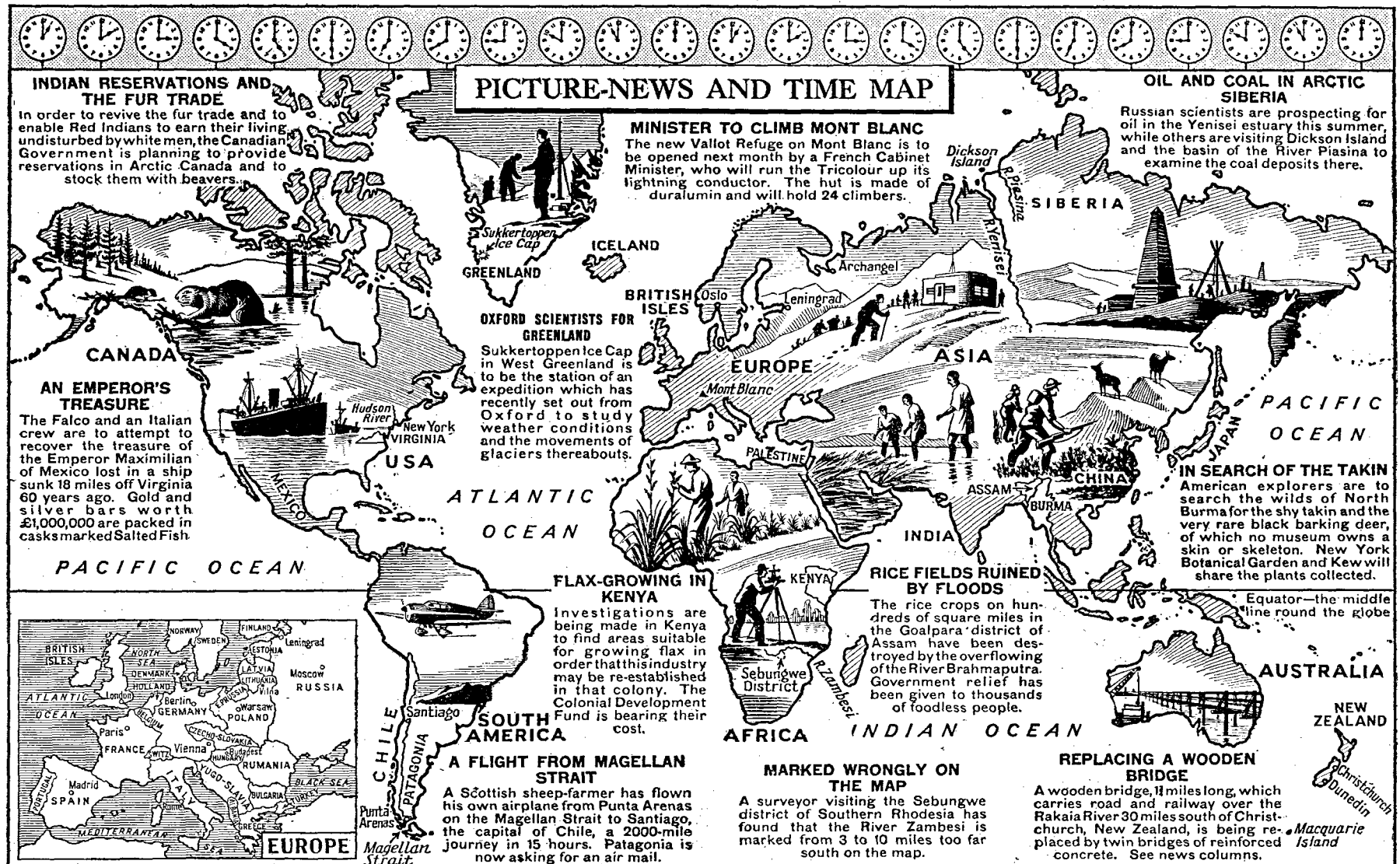
New Zealand people say they have, a bridge serving a double purpose, for it carries a single-track railway line as well as road traffic over the Rakaia River, 30 miles south of Christchurch. The bridge is a mile and three-quarters long.

Now its days are numbered, for engineers of the New Zealand Public Works Department are building twin bridges, one on each side of the old wooden structure. One will carry the railway, the other motor traffic, and both will be of reinforced concrete.

The Rakaia River spreads itself over a wide gravel bed as it flows through the fertile Canterbury Plains. That is why the bridge is so long. See *World Map*.

## Belling the Cat

All cats at Staveley, Alberta, have now to wear bells, the bylaw having been adopted to give the birds a chance. The bird population is decreasing so much that other towns in Alberta intend to enforce similar laws.





## THE STRONG MAN AMONG THE STARS

### Why Hercules is Now Upside-Down

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of the celestial strong man Hercules, now almost overhead in the evening, has the remarkable feature of being represented upside-down. So when the observer looks up Hercules appears as in our picture. When this is compared with last week's star-map it will be seen how the named stars are placed in the different parts of the figure of Hercules and that, whereas the Feet of Hercules are almost overhead, his Head hangs down toward the south. This exceptional



The celestial figure of Hercules showing its present inverted position in the heavens

posture is just the reverse of Ophiuchus, the other wrestler with serpents and the powers of evil, which is below Hercules and is presented upright.

There must be a reason for this inversion of Hercules, and it appears to be very important because even the most ancient representations of Hercules show him thus. The cause is to be found in the great antiquity of this constellation and the inversion has been brought about, through long ages, by the gradually changing tilt of the Earth's axis relative to the Heavens. This peculiarity of Hercules thus provides a valuable date.

For between 11,000 and 12,000 years ago the axis of the Earth pointed towards the Feet of Hercules and not as at present towards the tip of the Tail of the Little Bear, Ursa minor, where the Pole Star is situated. Therefore in those far-off days the North Pole of the Heavens was not far from the stars Eta and Pi in Hercules, Eta being the Pole Star of 11,000 years ago, while Pi was the Pole Star about 1000 years earlier.

#### Antiquity of Constellations

At that time Hercules appeared to be carried round the Pole very much as the Little Bear is now, but with the Feet of Hercules near or below where the present Pole Star is situated and his Head near the zenith at this time of the year. Consequently Hercules would in those days appear right way up; and from the more southerly latitudes of Chaldea and Egypt this would be still further accentuated. We thus get clear evidence of the enormous antiquity of the constellations; once formed they were rarely altered except in name.

The chief star, Alpha or Ras Algethi, representing the Head of Hercules was described last week, but there are many others of great interest. Chief among these is Zeta (shown on last week's star-map), which represents a solar system remarkably similar to our own, possessing a yellowish sun like ours and only about one-tenth more massive. At an average distance of 1135 million miles another much smaller but more dense and reddish sun revolves round it, this body resembling in reality a flaming world such as the planets of our Solar

## Faster Trains Across Australia

THE Commonwealth Government of Australia last month gave its sanction to the speeding-up of the service on the great East-West Railway.

Twenty years ago Western Australia was as isolated from the other States as though she had been divided from them by a sea. Then the Commonwealth Government put forward a proposal that a railway should be built between Kalgoorlie and Port Augusta, and the suggestion was received with jubilation.

So little was known of the great Nullarbor Plain that scarcely any planning was possible to meet the difficulties and privations ahead until the men actually faced them. One of the greatest difficulties to overcome was the absence of a permanent water supply. From the western end there was a stretch of 840 miles without one known source, and water had to be hauled in travelling tanks or on camels over long distances to cater for the men and the ever-thirsty locomotives. Far over the border of South Australia the little oasis at Ooldea provided a welcome supply for the parched gangs. This soak is approximately three miles north of the line in a sandy hollow. It was known to Giles in 1875, but scientists

say that for 1000 years before that the aborigines came from far inland to this spot to hold their ceremonies.

During the construction of the line 3500 workmen were constantly employed, and they used 750 camels and horses. On October 17, 1917, the endurance of the men was rewarded. That date marked the linking-up of the rail from east to west. Although the occasion was historic, there was no outward celebration; the gangs from the opposing ends fraternised, the engineers solemnly shook hands and compared notes; and that was all.

A new form of communication had been established, knitting the Australian States into a closer band. The great treeless and waterless expanse of the Nullarbor Plain had been crossed and its solitude broken. For 330 miles in one stretch twin lines of steel ran without a curve across its barrenness. Over 145,000 tons of steel rails had been laid on 2,500,000 sleepers.

Now by the use of a speeding-up process on all sections, and the use of faster and more modern locomotives, it takes only two days to travel from Perth to Adelaide, three days from Perth to Melbourne, and four days from Perth to Sydney.

### Equal Laws For All Swiss

The Swiss people have decided by a referendum to have one Penal Code for the whole of their country instead of a separate code for each Canton.

The decision will make a difference to the laws in many Cantons, for they are not agreed on the death penalty, ten only having capital punishment.

It was the German Protestant communities which prevailed in the voting, the German Catholics, French, and Italians favouring the old method of each Canton being a law to itself. In Civil Law unity throughout the country was achieved in 1912, to the great benefit of all, and the result will no doubt be the same under a uniform Criminal Code.

### The Voice Next Door

The report of the Building Board of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research makes interesting reading, for it points out that people who live in semi-detached houses are being greatly annoyed by the loud-speaker next door.

It is quite evident, states the report, that the conventional nine-inch party wall in semi-detached houses does not provide sufficient insulation to reduce the sound from a wireless loudspeaker or gramophone working at a normal volume to tolerable limits. The report goes on to explain how important it is for this problem to be carefully studied.

The C.N. would like to see a closer study also of the problem of the loud-speakers in shops which are allowed to annoy the public in the streets and to startle drivers of passing cars.

Continued from the previous column

System once were. It is somewhat farther from the central sun than Saturn is from our Sun and takes 35 years to revolve as compared with Saturn's 29½ years. There may be and probably are other smaller bodies, nearer the planetary stage and possibly worlds more or less like our own, revolving round Zeta, but owing to its great distance, about 1,835,400 times farther away than our Sun, these would be quite invisible were they no larger than ours.

Gamma and Delta in Hercules also appear double, but there appears to be no gravitational connection. Gamma is about 18½ light-years distant, while Delta is about 70 light-years. Beta at a distance of 125 light-years radiates nearly 100 times more light than our Sun, while Pi at a distance of 155 light-years radiates about 90 times. G. F. M.

### Disappearance of the Village Blacksmiths

What is to happen to our forges as the old blacksmiths come to the end of their days at the ringing anvil?

This question is in the minds of many people, for it is found that in spite of various inducements offered to young men to take up smithwork there are very few coming forward.

The Master Farriers and Blacksmiths, meeting at Portsmouth, decided to ask the Ministry of Agriculture to call a meeting of the National Farmers Union, the Rural Industries Bureau, and the Worshipful Company of Farriers to discuss the matter. It seems that a young man may begin as a farm labourer at a better wage than he can hope to begin at as a blacksmith's apprentice; and there is also the unfortunate idea abroad that the day of the village blacksmith is done. It is true that there are not so many horses to shoe, but there is still plenty of work for smiths who are able to mend a tractor or lend a hand with harrows or binders.

Lectures, exhibitions, and examinations are being organised to show young men the possibilities of smith work.

### Sheep Fly

A Barnstaple sheep breeder chartered an aeroplane to take seven sheep to the agricultural show at Cardiff.

The aeroplane made two journeys, travelling with four sheep on one journey and three on the other, the journey being completed in 25 minutes.

The exhibitor said it was as cheap to send sheep by air as by road, and was certainly more convenient.

### Insects on the Line

A train has been held up by caterpillars at Sudbury, Ontario.

The insects made the track too slippery for the wheels to grip, and a gang of men had to shovel the intruders on one side. Plagues of these tent forest caterpillars strip the trees in Ontario, killing hundreds of poplars every year.

### Twins

Twin brothers, Richard and Charles Hinde, have just completed fifty years with the Automatic Telephone and Electrical Company, each receiving a ruby and gold badge and £50. Their life-story is astonishingly similar. They joined the firm as apprentices, married two Derbyshire sisters on the same day, and have both lived near Liverpool.

## THE SEA REVEALS ITS DANGER-SPOTS Making the Ocean Safer For All

The report of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty shows that 667 miles of coastline and 6599 square miles of ocean were surveyed by our Survey Ships last year, four operating in foreign waters and three round our coasts.

Hydrographers published 63 new charts, and the net receipts of the sale of British Admiralty charts (which are used the world over) were £67,727.

The number of corrections to old charts (of which 49 new editions appeared) amounted to 259,888. New rocks and other navigational dangers discovered by Survey Ships numbered 135. In addition 21 such dangers were reported by other British warships, and 302 by the Mercantile Marine and foreign governments. The Admiralty broadcast 541 navigational warnings and issued 2472 printed Notices to Mariners.

#### A Monotonous Task

Sea-survey is a monotonous and painstaking task. It often means steaming slowly for days and weeks out of sight of land over lonely stretches of ocean, endeavouring to locate and chart some danger reported by passing ships.

Before a given area of sea can be mapped it must be marked out by beacons which do not move in wind-swept waters. Long bamboo spars, empty oil drums made watertight, and numerous long spars called barlings are used for this work, while the survey ship itself may carry as many as 42 anchors.

Oil drums are lashed midway along a barling, a heavy sinker at its foot and a flag-capped bamboo spar at its top, so that it forms a sea beacon which stands upright in troubled seas. When numbers of these beacons are firmly anchored in position the survey vessel marks off the area to be mapped, and, aided by gyro-compass and modern electrical sounding gear, reads the seabed like a book.

Thus are the seas made to reveal their dangers, and charts to show the safe ocean paths for mariners.

### The Hospital's Friend

From time to time one of the London hospitals receives a substantial cheque from a highly-placed Government official.

He is an enthusiastic painter and etcher, spending most of his leisure hours with pencil or paint brush, and he has turned his talent to financial account by designing bookplates.

Most of them are beautifully etched. They bring to this official an income of several hundreds a year, and the whole of the amount he hands over to the hospital in which he is interested.

### 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of July 1913

**How the Coco-nut Got Its A.** How many children must have suffered at school for missing out the "a" when spelling coco-nut! And yet they were all the time right. A scholar has just been explaining the mystery of the a. It is simply a printer's error.

When coco-nuts were discovered, it was noticed that during its growth the nut resembled the grinning face of a monkey. Now, *coco* is Spanish and Portuguese for monkey, and so the explorers gave the nut the name of the monkey it was like.

Dr Johnson, when he wrote his dictionary, included an article on the coco-nut, but a printer, accidentally, or thinking to improve the doctor's spelling, put in an a. The error was not noticed until the book had been printed, and so coconut, which really means monkey-nut, has remained cocoa-nut to this day.



## Complete in Two Parts

## THE KING'S CUP

By

T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 3

## Jasper Takes a Toss

PONIES! Jack had forgotten all about them, but now remembered the two sturdy animals he had seen tethered by Jasper's cart.

A minute later the two sure-footed animals were trotting sharply along the hilly road to Taverton. They had covered about half the distance when they came to a great bend where the road swung to the right around the foot of Mellifer Tor. The clouds were breaking, the moon was up, and the huge bulk of the hill rose like a wall against the silvering sky. Jack pointed to the hill. "I have a brain-wave," he said. "What about riding up the tor and over the top? We save two miles or more. These ponies can climb?"

"Aye, they can climb," Jasper replied. "It be a good notion, I reckon. Lead on, young master."

It was a good notion, but how good neither of them knew until, after a hard scramble, they reached the top. The top was a flat tableland covered with a growth of stunted heather and, now that the moon was well up and the clouds had cleared, there was a wide view on three sides. The Taverton road was visible for two miles or more as it curved round the foot of the hill, while out to the south they could see the lights of Taverton itself in the deep valley where the town lay. Jack's eyes followed the road, and suddenly he started, and caught Jasper's arm.

"Look!" he said, in a hissing whisper. "A car!" He pointed as he spoke to a spot where the road curved around the eastern foot of the tor. A car was standing there. The moonlight was not enough to make out details, but the car seemed to be a small, dark-coloured saloon.

Jasper's eyes narrowed.

"That be them. No doubt about it. They've broke down. We're in luck, young master." He was starting again, but Jack stopped him.

"I don't think they've broken down. See, the headlights show water across the road in front of the car. Probably they're scared of driving through it for fear of getting stalled. Yes, I'm right. There's a man out of the car. He's going to see how deep it is."

Jasper gave a sudden chuckle. "You be right. He've took off his trousers. He'll find her cold, wading this time o' night."

Sure enough, the man was wading into the water splash which filled the hollow. He went cautiously and there was no doubt he did find it cold. But he waded to the middle before he turned and, so far as Jack and Jasper could see, the water did not come above his knees.

"Looks like they be able to get through," Jasper said in a disappointed tone.

"Yes," Jack agreed, "but there's another splash beyond and that'll delay them again."

"Then we'd better ride as hard as we can for Taverton," said old Jasper. "We'll be there pretty nigh as soon as the car."

Jack shook his head.

"Nearly as soon, perhaps. But once they're through the town they have a fine road either north or south, and we can't tell which way they'll go. It's up to us to catch them before they reach Taverton."

Jasper shrugged. "Seeing as these here ponies baint got wings, that be a bit beyond us, master."

"I'm not so sure of that," Jack answered quickly. "You know Capp's Cut?"

"Aye."

"They are widening the road there. There are red lamps along the side. Capp's Cut is only two miles away. If we could get there ahead of the car we could string the red lamps all across the road and stop the thieves. If there's a watchman there he'll help us."

Jasper looked at Jack with admiration. "I said as 'e'd brains. That be a fine notion. Fine enough to try, anyways."

Jack took one more glance at the car. The man had climbed in again, and the car, apparently on low gear, was ploughing steadily through the splash.

"Right you are, Jasper," he said. "But be careful going down the hill. It's frightfully steep and stony."

"You don't need to be scared," Jasper told him. "They ponies be sure-footed."

He was right. Jack's mount never even stumbled. When they got to more level

ground the car had reached the second splash and had stopped again.

"We'll do it!" said Jack exultantly, and, with a touch of his heels, set his pony to a sharp canter. Jasper came up alongside and they rode neck and neck across the moor, making across towards the back of the hill beyond which the road ran through the pass known as Capp's Cut.

The wind whistled past Jack's ears as he rode, water splashed as his pony's hoofs struck a wet patch, then all of a sudden Jasper's pony put both front feet into one of those treacherous little bog holes that may be found anywhere on the moor and came down with a crash, sending Jasper flying over its head. Jack pulled up sharply and sprang off, but before he could reach Jasper the little man was on his feet.

"I baint hurt," he said. The pony too had picked itself up and stood with head hanging. Jasper took the bridle and led it on to sounder ground.

"He have wrenched his shoulder," he groaned. "He be dead lame." He turned to Jack. "What be you waiting for? That car baint going to wait. Ride hard. I'll follow afoot."

## CHAPTER 4

## Red Lamps for Danger

JACK drove in his heels and rode. The ground was better and the sturdy pony made little of Jack's light weight. He couldn't see the car now for Cut Hill was between him and the road. The pony fairly flew up the slight rise, then down a short slope on the far side and, almost before he knew it, Jack pulled up on the very edge of the Cut. He looked up the road. Nothing in sight. He sprang off, pulled the reins over the pony's head and left him standing. Then he dropped down the bank to the road.

The red lamps were there—half a dozen of them. In frantic haste Jack collected them and planted them all across the narrow road. Then it occurred to him that a few lamps were not going to stop the burglars for very long. They would pull up, then, finding that there was no real obstruction, would drive on. If he could only find some way of blocking the road! He looked round and saw a couple of tar barrels standing on a rocky ledge.

He ran for the nearest and flung himself against it, but its weight was too great for

him to move it. Then he saw something else, a crowbar leaning against the side of the cutting. That would help. As he grasped it he heard the distant hum of an engine.

He forced the end of the crowbar under the barrel and levered with all his strength. The barrel tilted, it toppled over, it fell with a crash into the road, burst open and a flood of black tar poured out all across the one-way track. At this moment the glare of headlights showed around the bend of the road. Jack dropped behind the second barrel and crouched down.

The car—it was a small saloon—was coming fast. Jack heard a startled yell from someone inside it and the screech of hastily-applied brakes. The driver could not pull up in time to avoid the lamps; he crashed into them, knocking over three. Jack heard the crackle of breaking glass. Then came a report like a pistol shot as a tyre burst. The car skidded violently and, swinging round broadside, her bonnet struck the bank at the opposite side of the road.

Jack waited breathlessly. He had sense to be sure that it was no use plunging in till he knew whether the men inside the car were hurt or not. He hoped they weren't: he hadn't bargained for this. He had only meant to delay them. The door opened, a man got out. A big fellow, no doubt the same who had caught him on the porch. He was not hurt, but he was furious.

"Coming round a corner like that!" he hissed. "And call yourself a driver!"

There was no reply, and suddenly the large man seemed to realise that there was not likely to be. He reached in and drew out a little rat of a man who was limp as a rag doll. "He's hurt! Or dead! Now what am I going to do?"

He laid the small man down by the side of the road and bent over him. He took out a flask and tried to force some of the contents down his throat. No use! Then he turned to the car and by main force dragged it back out of the bank. He tried the engine. It started. With feverish energy he got out the jack and set to work to take off the near front wheel.

Now he had his back to Jack and Jack resolved to take a desperate chance. He stole across the road and got behind the car without being seen. He reached the far side and peered in through the window. He saw a sack on the floor. The big man was wrestling with the nuts. The whole car was between him and Jack.

Jack's heart was thumping yet he was deadly cool. His hand did not shake at all as he cautiously turned the handle of the door. He pulled it gently open then reached in and took hold of the sack.

## JACKO GETS CLEANED UP

JACKO burst in one morning with the news that the new statues for the public gardens were being put up.

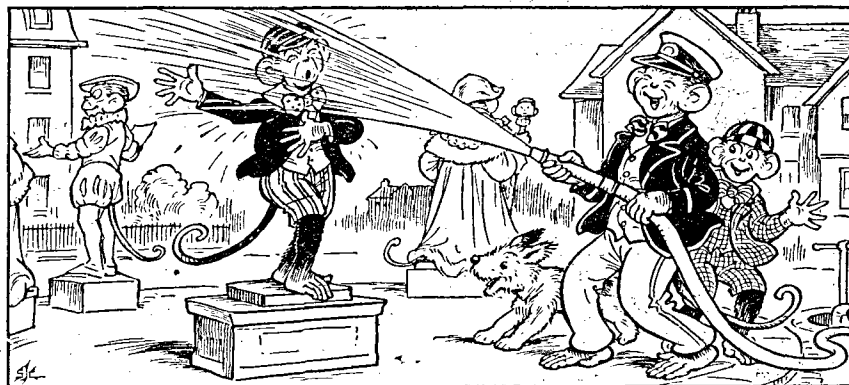
"What are they like?" asked Adolphus.

"Ghastly," replied Jacko, who then proceeded to tell them that one of them, "ghastlier than the others," had been

"Now," cried Jacko, springing up on it, and flinging out his arms, "if they want a good-looking chap for a subject, what about me?"

"If that's the idea," cried a voice, "I'd better give you a clean-up."

And, looking round, Jacko found himself staring at the grinning face of the



Out came the water full in Jacko's face

treated with a bucket of tar while it was waiting in the railway shed.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Jacko. "Serve 'em right."

"It wasn't you by any chance?" queried Adolphus.

Jacko shook his head sadly. "I never thought of it," he said.

Rushing out of the house a little later he fell over Chimp on the doorstep, and off they went together to look at the empty pedestal.

gardener. He was holding a long hose-pipe in his hand.

Suddenly, out came the water full in Jacko's face.

The man looked every bit as surprised as his victim.

"Who turned that on?" he asked sharply, swinging round.

Jacko knew. One look at Chimp's face had told him. He jumped down and was after him like a flash.

The gardener left them to fight it out.

He was horrified to find how heavy it was. It weighed, he thought, quite 40 pounds. He could carry it, but he certainly could not run with it. He set his muscles and lifted it out very carefully.

His heart beat harder than ever. So far he had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. Now, if he could only get away out of sight before the burglar spotted him!

He was 50 yards from the car. With every step he felt more confident. Another 20 yards and he would be round the bend. Then he could scramble up the bank without any risk of being seen. At that moment he heard a shrill yell and, glancing back, saw that the little man who had only been stunned, had come round and was sitting up.

"Ben, watch out!" he screamed. "Someone has sneaked the stuff!"

With a bull-like bellow the big man sprang to his feet. He saw Jack staggering round the bend and, with another roar of fury, raced after him. Jack turned sharp to the right and scrambled wildly up the steep bank.

Before he was halfway up Ben was at his heels. Desperately Jack turned at bay and, as the great brute charged up the bank, he swung the sack in both hands and flung it at his opponent. The sack struck Ben in the chest. He threw up his arms in a mighty effort to keep his balance but failed and went over backwards. For the moment Jack was so confused he hardly knew what was happening then he found himself alone on the bank with Ben lying like a log on the stones at the bottom.

"Didn't I say as you was the lad with brains?" came a voice from above, and there was Jasper—his wizened face one grin—scrambling down the bank. "I'll lay he won't move for half an hour."

"Don't risk it. Tie him up," said Jack. "And there is the other one."

But the little man had a cut head and a sprained wrist. He made no trouble. Jasper and Jack tied them both, and Jasper rode on to Taverton on Jack's pony and fetched Inspector Caunter, who came in his car and collected the two battered burglars. He also took charge of the silver.

It was past midnight when Jack reached home and the first person he saw was his uncle sitting grim and upright in a straight-backed chair.

"I thought I requested you to be in by seven," he remarked in a voice which sounded as if it came from an iceberg.

Jack was silent. "And may I ask where you have been," his uncle went on with bitter sarcasm. "Evidently you did not expect to find me up, and so have not prepared an excuse. You may not be aware that burglars have broken in and stolen the King's Cup." He flared up suddenly. "You will leave tomorrow morning and I shall not ask your father to send you here again. Nor shall I feel inclined to contribute further to your school fees."

"That be a nice way to talk to your nephew," came a voice from the door, and Mr Acland swung round to see Jasper Tuckett standing there.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" enquired Mr Acland.

"I be Jasper Tuckett, and that lad and me have spent half the night a-getting back your property. But now I'm sorry I took the trouble."

Mr Acland's jaw dropped. He looked fairly mazed. "Please explain," he said.

Jasper explained. He didn't mince words, and by the time he had finished Mr Acland was mild as a sheep. He turned to Jack.

"I can only say I am very sorry for accusing you as I did. You seem to have behaved in an extremely plucky fashion, and very wisely too. But why did you not tell me?"

"How could he tell 'ee without telling on that there cousin o' his?" cut in Jasper.

"I quite agree," said Mr Acland. "Shake hands with me, Mr Tuckett. I wish to say that I am deeply in your debt."

"It were Jack here did the job," said Tuckett, but all the same he shook hands cordially. "And, if you don't want the lad, Mister, I'll take him. I'm a warm man, I am, and there baint nothing I'd like better than to pay for his schooling."

Mr Acland laughed.

"Then there are two of us," he said genially. "But after all I'm his uncle."

Jack spoke. "You won't be too rough on Bob, Uncle Nicholas," he begged.

"For your sake I won't," was the answer. "Now what about a little supper? There is a cold pie in the dining-room. Come with us, Mr Tuckett. You are a man I wish to know better."

THE END



## A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY TALE COMES TO LIFE



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It can be played by two or more players. Each pack contains cards and full book of rules. "SNOW WHITE" is for all the family. Everyone who loves the seven dwarfs, Dopey, Grumpy, Doc, Happy, Sneezy, Sleepy and Bashful, and all the other delightful characters in the film, will love it. Make sure of a pack today.



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## SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

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